The Carolinian

1911

The Woman's College
University of North Carolina

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COLLEGE COLLECTION

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May 1911.

State Normal. '12.

VOLUME III

THE CAROLINIAN

Published by
THE SENIOR CLASS
1911

North Carolina
State Normal and Industrial College
Greensboro, North Carolina

N 86p
1911
c 2

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WE AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATE THIS ANNUAL

TO

MISS KIRKLAND

OUR HONORED LADY PRINCIPAL

AS A PARTING GIFT AND TOKEN OF OUR APPRECIATION

OF FOUR YEARS KINDNESS AND CARE

Editorial

To our gentle readers, both known, and as yet unknown, we present this Annual,—the child of our fancy and the work of our photographer. Of course, by way of customary explanation—the entire Annual isn't all fiction and pictures, as the first line might seem to indicate. It contains some truths,—some that were inevitable and also interesting, some that have been disguised, and some that have unconsciously leaked out. In fact, the purpose of our Annual, as we understand it, is to give a not too serious (hence the fiction) and rather general, impressionistic (hence the pictures) sketch of a year of student life. We hope that in reading this Annual, you will remember our purpose, and that you will not take us too seriously. As for fiction—we hope that there will be none of that in your enjoyment of this volume. Instead, it is our wish that you may gain as much pleasure from it, finished, as we did while it was in the making.

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Supervising Teacher in Training School

RUTH FITZGERALD
Supervising Teacher in Training School

SUE NASH
Supervising Teacher in Training School

LAVALETTE DUPUY
Supervising Teacher in Training School

In Memoriam

We dedicate this page to the memory of

Honorable B. F. Aycock,

For sixteen years one of the Board of Trustees of our College.
We honor him as an earnest champion of education, as
a man who aided in the founding of our college,
as a leading spirit in its management after
it was founded, a man who was
always untiring, unselfish,
generous and loyal.

A College Song

We raise our voices, let them swell
  In a chorus clear and strong.
The rolling hills send back the sound
  Of our triumphant song.
For in one great unbroken band
  With loyal hearts and true
Our daughters stand and hand in hand
  Sing College dear, to you.

Our college days run swiftly by
  And all too soon we part;
But in the years that are to come
  Deep-graven on each heart
Our motto "SERVICE" will remain
  And service we will do,
And as we serve our thoughts will turn
  O college dear, to you.

Dear Alma Mater, strong and great,
  We never shall forget
The gratitude we owe to you,
  A never-ending debt.
All honor to your name we give,
  Our love we pledge anew,
Unfailing loyalty we bring,
  O college dear, to you.

Submitted by the Class of 1910.

SENIOR
M.L

Presidents of Class of 1911

Hallie Viele
1907

Allie Parsons
1908

Jessie Earnhardt
1909

Helen McArthur
1908

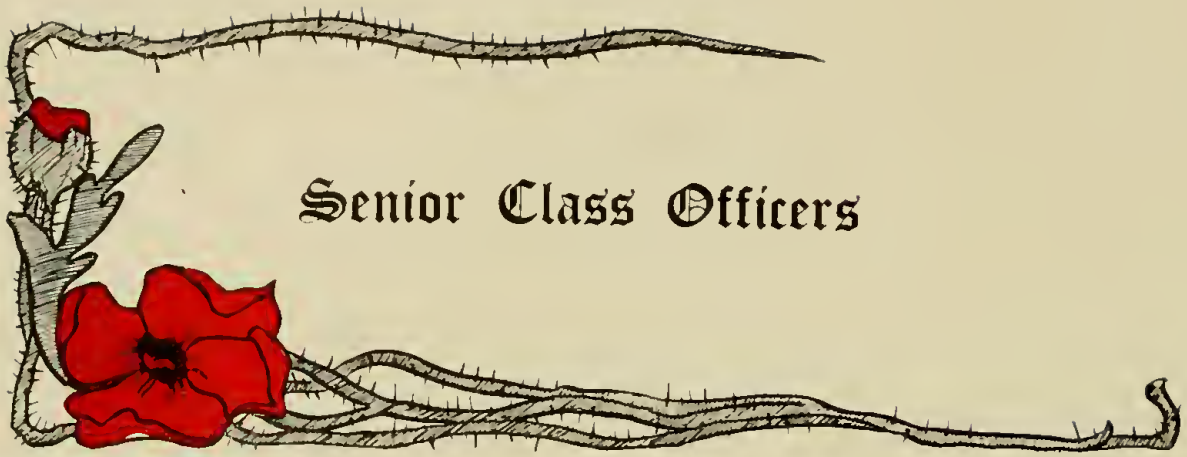
Presidents of Class of 1911

Lelia White
1910

Myrtle Johnston
1911

Frances Broadfoot
1910

Catharine Jones
1909



Senior Class Officers

Colors: *Red and White*

Flower: *Red Carnation*

Motto: *Als ich kann*

FALL TERM		*SPRING TERM*
Lelia White	President	Myrtle Johnston
Margaret Pickett	Vice-President	Margaret Faison
Katherine Norfleet	Secretary	May Vickery
Antoinette Black	Treasurer	Mae Brown
Ada Viele		Historian
Last Will and Testament		Frances Broadfoot
Prophecy		Annie Goodloe Browne
Class Statistics		Zannie Koonce
Poet		Lelia White

Lily Batterham, B. P.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

Adelphian. Assistant Business Manager "The Carolinian." Entered Class in Sophomore Year.

Lily is an apple-cheeked lady with a mathematical turn of mind. Has two stock expressions of face—a St. Nicholas smile and an awe-inspiring frown. Wields the crochet needle and tennis racquet with equal skill. Displays sisterly devotion on all occasions, being surpassed in this only by her sister, "Rose."

Married

Lily Batterham.

Rose Batterham, B. P.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

Adelphian. Magazine Editor, 1910-1911; Editor "The Carolinian," 1910-1911; President St. Mary's Guild, Fall of 1909; Critic of Class, Spring term, 1911. Entered Class in Sophomore Year.

Newspaper reporter; would-be novelist; open society advocate; giver of teas. English descent plainly indicated by numerous references to her family. Saws occasionally, but, on the other hand, always acts as first aid to the injured—in fact, is a very kindly young person. "Well, that certainly is punky."

E. Rose Batterham.

Mrs. Housekeeper.

Bessie Bennett, A. B.

REIDSVILLE, N. C.

Cornelian. Class Treasurer, Fall of 1909; Marshal, 1910-1911; Advertising Editor "The Carolinian;" Vice-President of the German Club.

Her crowning glory is her hair, so we are not surprised to find her a member of the anti-rat party. She is a linguist of no small renown, having a complete mastery of the three languages, United States, Roman, and Deutsch. Has been implicated in many cases but never brought to court. In spite of this fact she is, strange to say, very popular. "Bless me!"

Bessie Bennett

Mary Leta Berry, B. P.

SWAN QUARTER, N. C.

Adelphian. Entered Class, Fall 1910.

Joined the Class in our Senior year, therefore we don't know as much about her as we would like. She's very quiet and reserved, and the very personification of dignity. Has been trying to take up her abode on Senior Hall ever since she joined the Class, but hasn't yet succeeded. She is coming by degrees.

Leta Berry.

Annie Goodloe Browne, A. B.

VAUGHAN, N. C.

Adelphian. Editor "The Carolinian," 1910-1911; Class Prophet; President German Club, Spring 1911.

The Class baby in appearance and years, and most extraordinarily precocious. Is of an imaginative temperament which results in excellent literary productions. Ever since we entered college we have been puzzling over how she will look when she is a grown-up school marm, but we have decided to give up in despair. "Land sakes!"

Annie Goodloe Browne

Bonnie Mae Brown, B. P.

KINSTON, N. C.

Cornelian. Treasurer of Class, 1911.

The original hockey player; a faithful fiddler in the College Orchestra for four years. (N. B.—Alliteration). She wishes to devote these talents to the missionary field in South America, where she will follow the call of the Bell.

Bonnie Mae Brown.

Antoinette Black

Antoinette Black, B. P.

WILMINGTON, N. C.

Cornelian. Class Treasurer, Fall term, 1910; Marshal 1910-1911.

Serious and sober-minded. The Bible and Robert Browning constitute her favorite literature. She is very proud of having seen a point once, and hopes to do so again. Does not understand the indestructibility of matter nor other serious matters of life. (We don't either.) "Oh, I must study this math."

Married Chamberlain & Lang
Boston, Mass.

Frances Bryan Broadfoot, B. P.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

Adelphian. President of Class, Spring term, 1910; Chief Marshal, 1910-1911; President of Students' Council, 1910-1911.

Starred in 1909 as "Babbie" in the "Little Minister," and has appeared since before the public in the role of "Chief Marshal." Notable facts in her past history are: The acquisition of Judge Bryan as a grandfather; a term at St. Mary's, and a visit to New York. For references, see Slaughter's "Reveries of a Roommate," or Wills' "Essay on Heroine Worship."

Frances Bryan Broadfoot

Mrs. Jesse Claypool.
Black Mountain.
N.C.

Mary Olivia Burbage, B. P.

COMO, N. C.

Cornelian. Class Critic, Spring, 1909; Class Secretary, Spring, 1910.

It is hard not to head this "Livia and Bertha," but the laws of the alphabet are inflexible. But one always thinks of these two running mates as a team—in fact, they have been dubbed "The Shetland Ponies." Livia's Training School pupils say that Miss Burbage is the nicest teacher they have, and with such a recommendation, there can be no doubt of her future success.

Mary Olivia Burbage.

Bertha Daniel, B. P.

ROXBORO, N. C.

Cornelian. Class Treasurer, Fall, 1908; Class Critic, Spring, 1910.

Our quick, small, fiery-tempered Senior. Watch out for Bertha when she starts for or against any project. She is sure to carry her point. Her devotion to Olivia proves the old saying that unlikes attract. They make quite a good combination.

Bertha Lunsford Daniel

Nora Carpenter, B. S.

ANSONVILLE, N. C.

Cornelian. Inter-Society Debater, 1910.

Her appearance, which indicates determination, is by no means deceitful. She's a star when it comes to marks, making ones on impossible subjects; for instance, Senior Chemistry. When not engaged in her regular research work, she is solving the problems of the student body. Is very manly, especially with respect to her shoes, and maintains a solid footing. "Let's have some fresh air."

Nora Carpenter

Jessie Earnhardt, B. P.

LENOIR, N. C.

Cornelian. Class President, Spring, 1909; Marshal, 1909-1910; Editor of "The Carolinian," 1910-1911; Secretary of Class, Spring term, 1909.

A very Joan of Arc in demeanor and appearance, but, unlike Joan, of a mind too practical to be swayed by weird voices. Her devotion to one object—Zannie has never wavered, and daily intercourse seems but to strengthen it. In math. and basketball she shines with unusual radiance, and is always on duty as a reception committee in 86 Spencer.

Jessie Earnhardt

Georgie Faison, A. B.

CLINTON, N. C.

Adelphian.

She "lispths." It's flattering to talk to Georgie because she's such a good listener. Is a perfect Encyclopedia Americana Brittanica de Historica. Hails from the metropolis of Clinton, famed for its railroad connections, but, strange to say, has not the blase air of a confirmed city-dweller.

Georgie Hicks Faison

Catharine Ervin, B. P.

MORGANTON, N. C.

Adelphian.

A wonderful lady—capable of doing two things at once, sewing and Latin. With all her talents she is the most fascinatingly irresponsible person we ever saw, and also the most imposed upon.

(Deceased)

Catharine Ervin

Margaret Faison, A. B.

CLINTON, N. C.

Adelphian. Class Vice-President, Spring, 1911.

Margaret and Georgie both give us the benefit of all their talents except one, that's their voices. With these they are stingy and indeed we are truly thankful. Margaret is the wittiest member of our class, and is famed for the beauty of her hair and hands. If you have the blues, go to the Faison's; they'll talk you out of it.

Margaret Faison

Lena Green, A. B.

MONROE, N. C.

Cornelian. Vice-President of French Club, Spring Term, 1911; Entered Class Fall Term, 1910.

Extremely affectionate and entirely too conscientious for human nature's daily food. Entered Class in our Junior year and did the impossible—passed off Junior Latin. Her true poetic spirit has manifested itself in her many contributions to the Magazine.

Lena Green

Zora Hannah, B. P.

WAYNESVILLE, N. C.

Cornelian. Entered Class, Fall Term, 1910.

The one person known to the present generation who has experienced every study in the Normal curriculum and has been reduced to starting over again. While waiting for the 1911 distribution of diplomas, she amuses herself with sewing and piano playing, in both of which arts she is destined to become famous.

Zora Hannah.

Pearl Holloway, B. P.

GORMAN, N. C.

Adelphian.

Very gentle and lamb-like; comes from "'way down yonder in de cornfield" according to her dialect; is the distinguished author of "What College Means to the Country Girl," and commands a profound respect for the sentiments voiced therein. We bow down in admiration to one whom the horrors of the science course thrill "with joy and admiration as she views nature with the trained eye of a naturalist."

Pearl Shaw Holloway

Myrtle Johnston, B. P.

ROPER, N. C.

Myrtle B. Johnston

married.

Cornelian. Magazine Editor, 1909-1910; Editor-in-Chief the Magazine, 1910-1911; Vice-President Y. W. C. A., 1910-1911; Marshal, 1910-1911; Editor "The Carolinian," 1910-1911; Member Students' Council, 1910-1911; Class President, Spring Term, 1911.

Eastern North Carolina contributed this one of its fairest specimens for our exclusive use as last-half President. We have only recently come to appreciate the jewel we have in our midst, but we rejoice now in the possession of one who fits the following description: "Musical, young, gifted, of a vibrant personality, as lissome and graceful as the bow of her own violin, of witching beauty, but haughty and cold." (See "Sweet Annabel's Story." Yellow back, price 10 cents.)

Catharine Jones, B. P.

DURHAM, N. C.

Catharine H. Jones.

Adelphian. Class Secretary, Fall, 1908; Class President, Fall, 1909; Editor "The Carolinian," 1909-1910; Business Manager "The Carolinian," 1910-1911; Treasurer Athletic Association, 1909-1910; President Athletic Association, 1910-1911; Marshal, 1910-1911.

Always alert, whether in athletics or in other fields of activity. She is possessed of a memory which goes so fast that even she can't keep up with it. But Cat, minus a memory, always gets there. (See Track Team and Statistics). Has completed her College course without joining the Bookworm Brigade, and in spite of her arduous labors as Business Manager of the CAROLINIAN. Pet occupation: darning stockings. (This is true).

Mrs. J. W. Pierce
Durham N.C.

Zannie Koonce, B. P.

CHADBOURN, N. C.

Cornelian. Class Statistician, 1910-1911.

Koonce of Columbus the greatest member of our Class. Sadness of voice and slowness of motion are surface characteristics, but there's plenty of joviality and a quick wit beneath. Zannie has quite an unusual amount of knowledge, for she has been here long enough to take everything in the College course that she couldn't get out of.

Zannie Koonce

Marea Curry Jordan, B. P.

DURHAM, N. C.

Adelphian. Class Treasurer, Spring, 1908; Vice-President of Class, Fall, 1910; Magazine Editor, 1909-1910; Business Manager the Magazine, 1910-1911; Marshal, 1909-1910.

Affects brown, carrying out this scheme even in her selection of a roommate. Her dignity and her ready blush are her most distinguishing characteristics. She is very popular with members of a certain class in College, but at her request, we withhold the name of the class. And now,—a parting bouquet: Marea is the neatest person we know, and gets more done and says less about it than most of us.

Married

Marea Curry Jordan

Nancy Barr Lacy, B. P.

MILLBROOK, N. C.

Cornelian. Vice-President Class, Fall, 1908; Marshal, 1909-1910.

Nan trips as lightly over the worries and responsibilities of life as she does over a polished ball-room floor. This careless manner is very becoming to her, and we enjoy her cheerful presence as we plod along. The Class of 1911 is very much indebted to her for many a score in basketball; also for alleviating the oppressive silence that would otherwise reign over Senior Hall.

Nancy Barr Lacy

Edith Latham, A. B.

KINSTON, N. C.

Cornelian. Class Treasurer, Spring, 1909.

The reason why we cannot tell, but she loves history passing well. And still she aspires to the stars—in other words, she longs to perform behind the foot-lights. We don't want to encourage her in this, but she *can* impersonate any character, so far as clothes are concerned, and she has a remarkable voice, especially adapted for the rendition of "The Monotone."

Edith Latham

Adelaide Morrow, B. P.

MEBANE, N. C.

Cornelian.

Probably you hadn't realized it, but Adelaide is original. In the first place, she poses for portraits in gym., representing such subjects as "The Martyred Bender," or "The Upward Gaze." In the second place, she only talks when she has something to say, and even then, rather sparingly. Thirdly, she can speak French, but doesn't boast of it. And finally, she keeps most of her characteristics to herself.

Adelaide Morrow

Minnie Littmann, B. S.

SALISBURY, N. C.

Adelphian. Class Vice-President, Spring, 1909; Marshal, 1910-1911; Editor "The Carolinian," 1909-1910; Editor-in-Chief "The Carolinian," 1910-1911; President of German Club, Spring, 1910; Inter-Society Debater, Fall, 1910.

Class Baby No. 2, and our infant prodigy. She has a head on her shoulders which has not been displaced by the responsibility of the Annual, although it has been turned sideways a trifle. She is endowed with an excellent working combination of all the virtues (except beauty), is a jack of all trades, an adept at many, and above all, she knows how to keep things moving.

Minnie Littmann

Margaret Pickett, B. P.

LIBERTY, N. C.

Adelphian. Class Critic, Spring, 1908; Vice-President of Class, Fall, 1910.

To begin with, she's a wearer of the N. C. which is so rare in these parts that you need an explanation of its meaning. To be brief, it is a sign of a proficiency in gym. She is no less proficient in the arts of the Domestic Science Course, so if she ever gives up plain school teaching, she'll be ready to meet whatever emergency may follow.

Married

Margaret Pickett.

Katherine Norfleet, B. S.

ROXOBEL, N. C.

Cornelian. Class Secretary, Fall, 1910.

You might think that her mind is too much occupied with geology and such things to admit of lighter affairs, but we have ascertained that she has a great fondness for fine needlework, and for a certain small tea-set, which gives an inkling of another favorite pastime. These two hobbies are indicative of her neatness and daintiness of person and if you want any more information, get Katherine herself to give it to you in that peculiar, small voice of hers.

Katharine Norfleet.

Allie Parsons

Allie Parsons, B. P.

RANDLEMAN, N. C.

Cornelian. Class President, Fall, 1908; Critic of Class, Fall, 1909; Advertising Editor "The Carolinian," 1910-1911.

Allie is the lady who wished for "one distinguishing personality." But if talkativeness, executive ability, curiosity, common sense, a quick temper and a melodious (?) voice constitute a personality, Allie certainly has her desire. Other characteristics are a Parson's fondness for Bells, and young people in general.

married — deceased.

Natalie Nunn, B. P.

KINSTON, N. C.

Cornelian. Y. W. C. A. President, 1910-1911; Member of Students' Council, 1910-1911; Vice-President Athletic Association, Spring of 1911; Class Critic, Fall Term, 1910.

The most delightfully conscientious person we know: one of those rare people whose perfection doesn't make others feel uncomfortable. Her hair curled up tightly with horror when she struck this Normal, but she didn't waste any words, and from that moment began exercising a silent, reforming influence. One of her chief distinctions is that she is the only person who has the proper "attitude towards the Students' Council."

Natalie Nunn

Delorah Stepp, B. P.

HENDERSONVILLE, N. C.

Adelphian. Vice-President of Class, Spring 1910.

Delorah is one of those rare people who don't intrude their personalities on the public, or at least try to. She just goes steadily ahead in the ranks of the Bookworm Brigade and the cohorts of the Doers of Their Duty, and gets there without any of the disturbances that attend the course of some of our more turbulent classmates.

Delorah Stepp

Huldah Slaughter, B. M.

GOLDSBORO, N. C.

Adelphian. Class Treasurer, Spring, 1910; Marshal, 1910-1911.

The one B. M. in the Class. Her disposition is as sweet as her music. Her fame as the possessor of enviably pretty eyes and dimples has long been spread abroad, and is too well justified to omit, even in this serious book. Like Annie Louise, she is so devoted to the Bonnie Lady that we don't see how she would have gotten along without her on the prickly road over which we have passed.

Married - deceased

Huldah Slaughter

May Amanda Vickery

May Vickery, B. S.

LORAY, N. C.

Cornelian. Class Secretary, Spring, 1911. Entered Class, Fall Term, 1910.

We lifted up our gaze to the stars and found May Vickery's head obscuring the view. But May wouldn't for the world voluntarily inconvenience us: she's all to the good every inch of her, which is saying a lot. She's characteristically of a "research mind;" practical, methodical; in fact, if she were a little nearer the earth we'd say that she combines all the good qualities possible in one person.

married

Ada Viele, A. B.

TAYLORSVILLE, N. C.

Cornelian. Class Vice-President, Spring, 1908; Editor "The Carolinian," 1910-1911; Vice-President Athletic Association, 1908-1909; President of German Club, Fall, 1910; Class Historian.

She was once classified by a misguided member of the faculty as a "little cherub," but those who know her well are convinced that that guileless mop of curls covers a head which contains more common sense and other earthly qualities than angels are generally credited with. One quality of hers is really superhuman, i. e., her power of adaptability to circumstances, or, in plain terms, the art of bluffing. It's really a pleasure to know her.

Ada Viele.

Mary Walters, B. P.

HERTFORD, N. C.

Cornelian. Class Secretary, Spring, 1910.

On the Senior Christmas tree, Mary was presented with a ship. Presumably the donor wished to imply some connection with the Navy. At any rate, she has sailed along pretty well since she's been here. We would like to refer you to her library, especially her collection of Howard Chandler Christy's and Harrison Fisher's work on "The American Girl." We really wonder where she came by them.

Mary Walters

Harriet Wardlaw, B. P.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

Adelphian. Entered Class, Fall of 1910.

"Harry" is a gentle, easy-tempered, old-fashioned Southern girl. Her devotion to the Second Grade and to her supervising teacher is all-absorbing, complete, and whole-souled. The Class of 1911 acquired her in the Senior year, but she was an old friend to us all before then. She is a member of the Book-worm Brigade.

Harriet C. Wardlaw.

Lelia White, B. P.

HENDERSON, N. C.

Cornelian. Magazine Editor, 1910-1911; Member Students' Council, 1910-1911; President of Class, Fall, 1910; Class Poet. Inter-Society Debater.

All to the good even if she does look upon life as such a dead serious game. That's really not her fault, though, for her fellow-students insist upon crowding responsibilities upon her. We used to try to get her curling tongs away from her, but we concluded that we might as well let her indulge in that one innocent frivolity. It's probably only the result of Natalie's influence, anyhow.

Lelia White

Annie Louise Wills, B. P.

BRINKLEYVILLE, N. C.

Cornelian. Vice-President Athletic Association, 1909-1910, Fall of 1910; Class Critic, Fall, 1908.

It's rather presumptuous to give a sketch of Annie Louise without first consulting "Cousin Norman," but here goes. Put down one notch for her achievements on the field of honor, viz., athletics; another for her devotion to red and white; and a third—a generous one—for her unswerving devotion to our Bonnie Lady. In this connection should be mentioned her tendency to soft rhyme, and the strange coincidence of her opinions with those of the Chief Marshal.

Deceased

Annie Louise Wills

Senior Class Song

Hail to thee, beloved class!
While college days swift onward pass,
Till we reach the goal we seek,
And in thy praise our deeds shall speak,
We to thee will true remain.
In the joy of serving thee,
Let us sing their glad refrain:

Ever, aye, ever,
Aye, true we'll be
To thee, to thee, our class,
We love so well.

"Als ich kann," our motto here,
Will help us in years drawing near,
When we each must take a part,
With those who give both hand and heart
Gladly their state to serve.
From this cause we ne'er shall swerve;
Nor from the class that's trained us well.

Senior Class Mascot

Moulton Avery

PROPHECY

Senior Hall Twenty Years After

LET me sit here, dears, a little; this is my class tree you know;
Who'd have thought that even in twenty years so big and tall 'twould grow?

Leave me and go have your pleasure, wander the old campus o'er;
I like well to sit here quiet, dreaming of the days of yore.

'Tis the same place I remember, and yet not the same place, too,
For 'tis more than thrice the size, now, of the Normal that I knew.

Many a night in dear old Spencer have I studied hard till ten,
And retired until the 'larm clock roused me to my work again.

Many a time attended Chapel in that little building there,
Now so small beside that other towering high into the air.

Then I "dipt into the future far as human eye could see,"
But I saw not even the bitter destiny in store for me.

Could I know that my grave classmate, Minnie Littmann, thus would turn
From her dreamland world of letters, all her brilliant promise spurn,

Thus leave home and all, bedazzled by the opera's fell sway,
To whirl nightly through the mazes of the giddy French ballet?

Or that cherub Ada Viele, haloed with her sunny hair,
Would devour anti-fat until she faded into air?

I foresaw not then the side-show in the "World's Great Circus Band,"
Where our decorous Lelia now sits in the garb of some strange land,

And, as "The White Witch," tells fortunes with the wondrous Ouija Board—
Mortal vision could not to me such undreamed of sights afford.

Oh, the changes 'mong my classmates that these fleeting years have brought!
Katherine Norfleet now wears medals won on many a field hard fought.

For she chose the soldier's life, pursuing war's red flag unfurled
And, time's heroes all surpassed, she holds the Fort against the world.

Far and wide our band is scattered—in the papers, yesterday,
I was reading of Mae Brown's work in the Congo, far away.

'Twas a harrowing tale, relating how a rescuer came and took her,
In the nick of time, from savage Hottentots about to cook her.

Now I wonder is the North Pole a nice neighbor for Delorah?
'T must be hard to keep the supper warm at night for her explorer.

Mary Walters, too, has chosen a strange life, it seems to me,
Captain of an ocean liner, with her Mate she sails the sea.

Two of us have reached the zenith of this world's vain pomp and show;
Katherine Ervin from the White House makes this country of ours go,

For the Suffragettes have triumphed, men but figure in the mob,
And the Presidency now's become a woman's lifetime job.

And all that is as it should be. "Forward, forward, let us range;
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change!"

Kat's inauguration, though, was not a howling big success,
For she was not in Washington—had gone off for a few days res'.

Bonnie Broadfoot has at last attained her longing height—a throne,
In a new and wondrous Kingdom that is all her very own.

Where her whim is highest law, her wish holds undisputed sway;
Where supreme, adored, unquestioned, she at last can have her way.

And beside her, high in favor, as of old, there may be seen
Huldah Slaughter, Court Musician, and the favorite of the Queen.

Annie Louise Wills to be the Poet Laureate essayed,
But her rhyming would not take and so she plays the Fool instead.

Peace and happiness be with you, Bonnie, in your heart's ideal!
For the power you always thought you wielded is now real.

Nannie Lacy, how I grieve to think of you in convent cell,
Cut off evermore from dancing and the men you like so well!

Old Cat Jones's smiling image next before my mind appears,
She runs a handy little shop where she sells Chinese souvenirs.

Bessie Bennett and her roommate, Allie Parsons, still join hands
As joint leaders of a movement that has spread through many lands.

'Tis a League for the Prevention of Cruel Treatment to a case.
Everywhere save at the Normal, thousands this great cause embrace.

Bertha Daniel sits bent over piles of volumes day and night;
In what field of labor does she strive to give the suffering world more light?

Ah, of course, I learn that it's a "Dictionary" (she is making)
"Of Terms for College Students' Use in Giving Faculty a Raking."

When I last saw Leta Berry she had cut off all her hair,
Because her "Woman's Rights" work left her no time on such things to spare.

Jessie Earnhardt, it would seem, must not have looked upon it so,
For she's spent her life in seeking for a means to make hair grow.

And she prospered in her work, for now you read her full-page ad.
"My Queen's Golden Hair Restorer! Try it. It will make you glad."

I've never seen May Vickery but once since Graduation Day,
The same with Nora Carpenter; too much engrossed with work are they.

I went once to the associate Lab. where they their learned labors ply:
Nora was bending o'er a desk, while deep in interest May stood by.

They scarcely knew that I was there, and I'd some trouble finding out
Why May's right arm was in a sling, and what their labor was about.

But at length I found that Nora, sought the moon to analyse,
And that May had strained her shoulder plucking it from out the skies.

Once we thought that Edith Latham would a second Bernhardt be,
And we waited for the time when we her proud "first-night" should see.

But the fates decreed another and more lasting fad should seize her,
She learned the trade of making hats, because no hat she bought could please her.

Burpee's Seeds no longer flourish—Koonce has sent him to the wall,
Of the whole world's agriculturists, Koonce is greatest of them all.

Everywhere her rapid-growing, sturdy corn crops win her fame;
Nothing can destroy those corn crops, and the farmers bless her name.

Often o'er the untimely fate of Margaret Pickett have I cried,
For in grief at leaving College, Margaret talked too Long and died.

But yet sadder is the doom that on Marea Jordan fell;
How she strove to "let herself go," all her classmates knew full well.

And at last she gained her object, "let herself go" to her pain,
For she did it so completely, she can't get herself again.

So a melancholy figure still, she roams the round world o'er,
Striving ever to catch up with her lost self that runs before.

But at least her fate's not lonely, she has friends who close pursue—
Maude, Viola, Emma, Merrill, Pauline, and the Marys two,

No, the Marys three or four, and Bonnie, Christine, Fannie Starr,
These and many more took chase, and for her sake have followed far.

Lily's eccentricity became for even one Batterham too great;
Long ago upon a hyperbolic curve she left to seek a mate.

Barnum and Bailey's new performer, meets acclaim in every town,
As an acrobat and dancer, Natalie has won renown.

There's another, though, whose life-work is even stranger'n that to tell
Harriet Wardlaw holds the chair of Mathematics at Cornell!

Margaret Faison, still a student, has fulfilled our expectations,
Still she cons geology and searches after derivations.

Who'd have dreamed that Lena Greene, who ne'er seemed versed in tender lore,
Thus would flirt and laugh to number heart-broken lovers by the score?

Just a few years since, I saw a sight that wrung my bosom's core,
Zorah Hanna, of all people on this earth, can talk no more

She talked until her tongue wore out, and now she sits beside the way,
Quite helpless with that member lost, and peddles pins from day to day.

But on 'Livia the same practice had an opposite effect,
For she tried to vie with Bertha in her epithets select

And general conversation, till her tongue it grew and grew
Like magic, for it hung out three yards long first thing she knew.

In her splendid work for women, Antoinette had great success,
All the leading educators her supremacy confess.

But a friend in speaking of her, touched the matter at the core,
"Spite of her ten thousand students, Antoinette Black still wants Moore."

Adelaide Morrow flabbergasted, shocked and pained her friends all round,
For she skipped the Foreign Mission Field they expected in one bound.

And she landed, would you think it! yes, in the theatric whirl,
She keeps Minnie Littmann company, as a flaunting chorus girl.

While Pearl Halloway succumbed to Adelaide's example sad,
In spite of all remonstrances, the theater became her fad.

She's nearly brought bankruptcy on her doting father's hoary locks,
For all his substance goes to buy box tickets and new Paris frocks.

Georgie Faison turned away from all her simple, native beaux,
To share her lot across the seas and likewise wear some funny clothes.

Before the end of 1911, the Turkish Envoy won her hand,
And she writes that she is happy in her strange, adopted land.

Oh! our pretty, airy, clever Myrtle Johnston, sad her fate!
Though indeed we might have known that 'twould o'ertake her soon or late.

She became a public lecturer, poor downtrodden man to uplift,
But an old, familiar habit brought undoing sure and swift.

For she bobbed her head about until her neck so slender grew,
That in a flight of eloquence, at last she bobbed it quite in two.

And last, but noways least, there's Rose, as self approving as of yore,
But now she's not the only one who applauds her wit and calls for more.

Fortunate perhaps her lot is, 'tis unique at any rate,
But nobody else than Rose would find much joy in such a fate.

She never saw herself aright, for Heaven is kind as well as wise,
But the whole world sees her now just as she is in her own eyes.

And a great world-wide affliction has been caused us by this sight,
All mankind now wear smoked glasses as a shield against her light.

But the young folks are returning; yes, I'm ready, dear, to go,
Though I hate to leave these scenes I loved so dearly, long ago.

Yes, I once was gay and happy, such a romping girl as you,
What misfortune 'twas that chained me thus, you say, you never knew?

Why, I tried to teach a school, mistook my calling, I confess,
For the children all "ran over" me, and left me powerless.

Child, the time has slipped away so, in reviewing all the past,
Thinking of the dear ones with me when I saw the College last.

Here's a leaf to keep in memory of the days of long ago,
Now the happy day is ended. They are calling and I go.

Class History

CHAPTER I

AS I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where was a bench, and sat me down in that place to sleep; and as I slept, behold, I dreamed, and in the dream I saw a creature composed of many members standing in a certain railway station. I saw that he wept, and, also, that he looked this way and that way as if he would run, yet he stood still (because, as I perceived), he could not tell which way to go. I looked then, and saw a man named Brockman coming to him. Then spake 1911 (for that was the creature's name) "Whither must I flee?"

Whereupon said Brockman, "I bid thee go to yonder car and ride to that place from whence thou startest on thy journey. And thus much concerning the time prior to the beginning of the journey of 1911.

CHAPTER II

So in the process of time 1911 girt up his loins, and addressed himself to his journey wherein were four shorter journeys, each one more or less difficult to some members of his body. Now as 1911 was walking solitarily by himself he spied a crowd far off, crossing over the field to meet him. As they approached he recognized, in front, Initiation, astride a goat; a little distance from him, Wentworth's Plane, an angular being; then Cicero, Horace and Seneca, with their Latin talk; Vocal Music and many others followed. Thus espying them, said 1911 to himself, "Are there no turnings nor windings by which a stranger may escape these?" But they were resolved to pursue him, and they did so, and in a little while they overtook him. Now a great struggling ensued between 1911 and Initiation. After it was ended the others laid hands upon 1911, and some days did they combat for the final decision, during which combat 1911 was sore battered and bruised, and also lost many members. Yet still he was not disabled, and continued on his way. But while he was bewailing his

unhappy adventure he lifted up his ears, and lo! he was told that by the time he was gone some distance beyond, he would come at the house of 1910, at whose door he should knock, and who would show him excellent things. Then 1911 went on till he came to the house of 1910 wherein he was received most graciously. 1910 took him by the hand, and led him into a pleasant garden where there was seen all the ladies of Cranford and other things besides. Then was 1911 glad and lightsome and with a merry heart.

I saw in my dream that the highway up which 1911 was next to go was fenced on either side with basketball goals. Up this way therefore did verdant 1911 run, but not without great difficulty.

He ran thus till he came to a place somewhat ascending and upon that place stood a trophy cup. So I saw in my dream that 1911 made great progress thereto, and it seemed that he would reach the cup; but lo! two low creatures called vain Confidence, and Discord rose up and prevented him. Then was 1911 sorrowful, but he held his peace, and set a good face on it, and so went by and catched no hurt. And peradventure he was recompensed by the 1908 daisy chain.

CHAPTER III

Now I saw in my dream that 1911 on his journey had become more staid and dignified. And when he was got to the second part of his journey, was added to him another member, a Broadfoot, upon which he went forth limping. Now the way was rough and his soul was much discouraged because of the way. But even while he sought for an easier way he was weary, and lighting under a little shelter, he fell asleep. Now there was, not far from the place where he lay, a castle called Faculty castle; the owner thereof was Giant Exam., and it was in his grounds that 1911 was now sleeping. Wherefore the giant, walking up and down in his grounds, caught 1911 asleep in his fields. The giant did him awake, drove him before, and put him in a dark dungeon. He was, therefore, in evil case. Everyday was he cudgelled and striped, and for seven days and seven nights spent he his time in sighs and lamentations. After many a weary hour thus, he was allowed to resume his way.

Now it so happened that there was another creature traveling along the same road by which 1911 had come, and I saw in my dream that it was 1912, and that 1911 stopped and did what he could to lighten for a while the difficulties being undergone by 1912. Again I lost sight of 1911 for a time.

CHAPTER IV

Now 1911 was entering upon the third part of his journey. Yet was he troubled to think that men should so little esteem him who had come so far. However, I saw in my dream, that he continued in his way past the gate of Registration, through the

Valley of Mid-terms, and through the realm of juniordom, wherein he must construct a memorial to one of his fellow creatures, 1910. There he builded a Temple of Fame whereby 1910 should be remembered forever.

But by this time 1911 had a desire to go forward more briskly and went forth and ran awhile; and he saw one afar off coming towards him; and their hap was to meet just as they were crossing their way to each other. The gentlemen that met him was called by the name, Mr. Overshoes; he dwelt in the town of Dampville, a very great town, and also hardby from whence 1911 came. From then on there was no separation from Mr. Overshoes; he must stick close to the heels of 1911, whether welcome or no. And added to him was the pest Contrax, who assailed 1911 continually and could not be overcome once for all.

So I saw in my dream that 1911 made haste, and went forward, that if possible he might overtake 1910, but before he had gone far, he encountered 1913 on a hockey field, and was badly beaten. Again he set a good face on it, and bethought himself of setting forward towards that sacred spot where he would finish the last part of the journey alone. So I awoke from my dream.

CHAPTER V

And I slept and dreamed again, and saw the same pilgrim going along the highway, and all about his feet grew little flowerets of different hues, called Senior Privileges, which he fain would pluck, but might not. He could only enjoy their fragrance and color from a distance. Only two could he enjoy to the fullest—those called "Senior Table" and "Senior Hall."

Then I saw in my dream that 1911 went on gloomily until he was bid by 1912 to enjoy with him Echoes from Operas. He accepted, and thereby gained, in consenting thereunto, one of the greatest pleasures of his pilgrimage.

Immediately thereafter a gift he received from the Faculty. They took him to a great city and showed him all the wonders thereof, yea, verily, many things did he see and his soul was filled with admiration and awe. And so quickly was he obliged to pass from one place to another that he must watch closely lest peradventure a member should be left. And behold, when it was night, in spite of his exceeding great vigilance a member was lost and his soul was sore vexed. But I saw, also, that on the following morning he received his member whole again.

And in the course of his journeyings he found himself encompassed about by a thick fog, so that he could not see which way to turn, and behold, as he walked, his feet slipped in the mire and he fell against divers sharp stones, by which ten of his members were wounded, and his soul waxed faint within him. And the name of this place was Annual, for therein must all creatures like unto himself also stumble.

And as he came up out of the mire, behold, there confronted him a beast of mighty proportions whose name was Essay. Now Essay was a fearful beast and much to be dreaded, and his heads were equal in number to the members of 1911's body. But 1911 attacked him right valiantly and after much labor and travail succeeded in slaying him. Then indeed 1911 went on his way rejoicing.

Now his soul had been tried in the crucible of these many labors and had proven itself pure gold; so 1911 reaped the reward of his valiant deeds and I beheld that his way lay through pleasant places. And many enjoyable things were prepared for him, and behold he was a great person, and honored among his fellows. And his course went smooth until at length he arrived at a great gateway. And there grew inside the gateway a vast tree, on whose branches hung delectable and goodly fruit, in number equal to the numbers of 1911. And 1911 plucked the fruit and each member received it, and the name of that which each member received was diploma. And then I saw that the gate was opened and lo, there appeared a multitude of roads, leading into the uttermost parts of the earth. And 1911 passed out through the gate, and behold I beheld that his members fell apart, and each pursued a different road, and was seen no more in these parts.

And I awoke, and behold it was a dream.

The Senior Convex Mirror

INDEED, no one thinks more highly than I do of the Senior Class of 1911, and of every very worthy member thereof. But different people often see the same subject in different lights; therefore, I hope that it will not be thought disrespectful to these members, if entertaining as I do, opinions, of a character very opposite to theirs, I shall speak forth my sentiments freely and without reserve. This is no time for flattery, but for cold-blooded facts.

For four years I have mingled with the members of this class, and have, all unknown to them, gathered up their inmost secrets—things they would not and dared not tell to any living being. I have learned their ambitions, their most striking characteristics, their greatest struggles, and their final triumphs. They have carefully hoarded these things in their secret hearts, but now you shall hear them every one.

It is natural to Seniors to indulge in ambitious illusions. They had hoped this year to change every phase of college life, so that in after years the world would marvel at their works, and say "Behold the glorious triumphs of the Class of 1911!" Why, when they entered college last fall the maximum brain power of the class (in their own estimation) was enough to direct the course of events, not only in our world, but in the entire solar system. So why might they not undertake to revolutionize the small college world? But how hard did this first illusion die when Mr. Smith delivered his opinion, after reading their final essays! Anyway they have given up all such thoughts of universal sway, and now their greatest ambition is to be successful in their great and arduous struggle for popularity. Oh, I do wonder if they will fail in this, too! Besides its desire for worthy attainments, the Senior Class is distinguished by many other varied and striking characteristics. The members of this class are impulsive to an astounding degree, are procrastinative, domestic, and above all they are law abiding. In the glow and enthusiasm of the present moment they decree the overthrow of Sophomore supremacy, and the downfall of Faculty despotism. But after cold reflective deliberation they take it all back. From past records I learned that four called meetings were necessary to decide whether or not they should have five or six tucks in the sleeves of their class day dresses. Such deliberations are

worthy even of suffragettes. Again procrastination was, is, and ever will be their most "salient quality." Annual material was a month late in being sent off, essays were finished at 3 A. M. on the morning on which they were due, and even the postponement of commencement was discussed. All this was a loyal effort to carry out the spirit of their motto: "Hast thou ought to do? Then put it off until tomorrow; for it may be that thou wilt die during the night, and with death thy obligation ceaseth." Not so with Delorah Stepp, that most domestic member of the class. When the day is not sufficient for her room cleaning and other duties, she has been known to labor far into the night in order to pick out each particle of dust from the cracks in her floor. She has instigated a civic league among her classmates, and thereby keeps Senior Hall in an almost perfect state of perfection. And last and greatest among their shining virtues is their "proper attitude" toward law and order. After ten o'clock at night, "The Mighty Powers That Be" compel absolute stillness and darkness over Senior Hall. Here Quiet and the Students' Counsel reign supreme.

While visiting the Senior tables, I learned more of some individual members than I had ever known before. I began my visits at that table next to Miss Kirkland's, and then made a tour to the other three. At the first table I was oppressed by the serious, earnest faces of the girls, and even their voices had become solemn and sonorous. They discussed quite eloquently and fluently the latest fashions, fads, and flirtations. Antionette Black is the chief expounder. At the next table I was really benefited. Annie Louise Wills recounted the glories and honors of Bonnie the Conquerer. Harriet Wardlaw gaily regaled the company with the charming story of the courtship of "Bob and Liz.*" Lelia White gave the latest report from the Faculty, and Jessie Earnhardt, by Senior Math. figured out just how much nonsense it takes to make a simpleton. At the next table, I was kept so busy laughing at Margaret Faison's witty, clever remarks that I had no opportunity for conversation with the other members at the table, even if Leta Berry had made it possible for anyone else to talk. But Margaret gave me this information: "Myrtle Johnston is the prettiest Senior, and is exceedingly appreciative of herself. Annie Goodloe and Minnie are the oldest members of the class and they fuss and scrap continually over the few days difference in their ages. Ada Viele is the lowest, littlest, lovablest child in the class." When I reached the last table I was rested from my laughter, for here all was calm, peaceful, quite and solemn. These are pious, thoughtful people. May Vickery is head and shoulders above the other members of the class. Pearl Holloway is dreadfully sarcastic, and she parades her opinions on all occasions. Zora Hannah is the vain conceited Senior. She primps and primps and primps, and then wanders among her fellow students for admiration and approval. Lena Green is the one girl that can never be satisfied. She is always grumbling

*Miss Wardlaw's Senior paper was written on "The Courtship of Mr. and Mrs. Browning."

and fussing about everything what comes within her knowledge. After these visits I find it hard to classify the temperament of this class under any one head, for in some the craving for originality and popularity overleap every bound of classification. But the truth about each individual must be confessed.

Natalie Nunn is the greatest affliction of the Class, because of her various artificial attractions. They have petitioned her; they have remonstrated; they have supplicated; they have prostrated themselves before her, and implored her to give up wigs, puffs, rats, paint, powder, hobble skirts, and French heels, but all to no avail, for Rose Batterham with equal perversity urges her on, and the two together are incorrigible. To make use of all of Minnie Littmann's frivolous suggestions has always been a great trial. But they could endure that but for Nora Carpenter's flirtatious propensity. Lelia White, the ardent faculty devotee, is another thorn in their flesh. The whole class envies her the distinction of being on such intimate terms with the Literati of the Campus. The various attaches of Allie Parsons are a great annoyance to the other members of the Class. Sleep is impossible after day-break, for they all try to see which can get there first. Margaret Pickett and Huldah Slaughter make more fuss on Senior Hall than all the rest of the Class put together. The culmination of the Class's troubles was reached when the College authorities had to scold Marea Jordan quite severely for her cruelty. So far, however, I have been unable to learn just how many hearts she has broken. Altogether the Class has had many drawbacks, but they might have had a worse fate if Cat Ervin and Nan Lacy had not learned to rub Miss Kirkland the right way.

But in spite of all these vexations the Class has been too busy to worry much over these wayward members. This has indeed been a busy year for them. Even their free moments have not been spent in idleness. When off from essays, annual work, and the Training School, they have been found religiously reading standard books, and the best current magazines. I find that Adelaide Morrow reads "Life" to an alarming degree, and Cat Jones even snaps class to read the "Association Monthly." Cat Ervin has a peculiarly profitable way of spending her idle moments. As soon as she comes from class she goes immediately to the "Gym" and faithfully performs the most difficult exercises that can be executed. Bertha Daniel and Olivia Burbage are kept so busy entertaining each other, that they find no time for light reading—only from Wentworth, their favorite author. Mae Brown enjoys this much loved writer with them when she can spare time from her sewing. Annie Goodloe Browne spends more time than Georgia Faison willingly allows, in discussing Fifth Grade affairs with the Supervisor of that grade. From morning till night and from night till morning Lily Batterham congratulates herself on being Rose's sister. Edith Latham's example is a worthy one. She has contributed much to Miss Moore's waste paper basket, namely: one hundred and fifty contracts, fifty excuses at one time, an essay on "Why I Should Be Prompt," and another on "The Social Side of

College Life." I learned that many other members of this Class have been kept busy on Saturday mornings contributing to this insatiable monster.

But now their battles are won. Now that the end is in sight, now that they have mastered every subject taught at the College, why do they stay here longer? Must they stay here until they are totally disarmed of their youth, and until old age shall rob them of their ambitions to win an engagement ring? Shall they gather strength by this lingering and waiting? Shall they acquire means of effectual service by idly waiting here until the Faculty shall hand them a bit of paper saying "You are Graduated?" Indeed, they think they know all there is to be known, and if they depart from this Institution and make use of even a millionth part of all they know, they can revolutionize the world. Thirty-eight Seniors, armed with a liberal education, and from such a College as this, are invincible against any force which any enemy can send against them. Besides they shall not fight their battles alone. There is Bonnie Broadfoot, who thinks she presides over the destinies of all Seniors, and she will win any victory on earth for them. The Faculty have showered fives and sixes upon them; their traditional privileges have been encroached upon and even their dignity has been questioned. But why does that matter now? Diplomas are inevitable, and let them come. I repeat it, let them come. Diplomas are actually won. This renowned Class of 1911 is about to pass into the foremost ranks of those who have wept and crammed and triumphed in the struggle for knowledge.

Last Will and Testament

United States of America,
State of North Carolina,
County of Guilford, City of Greensboro,
May 22, 1911.

WE, THE CLASS OF 1911, OF THE STATE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE of the Continent, Country, State and County aforesaid, do make this, our last will and testament.

Item I.—To the class of 1912 we do give, devise, and bequeath:

(1) Our Senior Hall and its privileges which are to be used—and possibly abused—immediately upon the opening of College in the Fall.

(2) A little book in which they will find a complete system of "cuts" to be brought before the Faculty Council for consideration.

(3) And last, but not least, our hearts.

Item II.—To the class of 1913 we do devise and bequeath:

(1) A little "Palace of Truth" as a talisman. We hope, however, that it will not cause them as much confusion and trouble as another "Palace of Truth" to which they so charmingly gave us entrance.

Item III.—To the class of 1914 we do will and bequeath:

(1) A few "ones" to enable them to redeem themselves in the eyes of the Faculty, and to show to the best advantage the good material we all know they have.

Item IV.—To the Second Preparatory Girls we do give, devise, and bequeath:

(1) Our colors—dearest symbol of our class.

(2) A little book entitled the "Tragedy of Errors," to be opened by the committee of their constitution.

(3) Our class-box and all our red and white bunting.

Item V.—To the Executive Department we do bequeath:

(1) A few extra dates on the College Calendar to be for the exclusive use of the Seniors of 1912.

(2) For the relief of our beloved and honored President we leave one of our members, Lelia White, to conduct all interviews on "Senior Business."

Item VI.—To our Lady Principal we will:

(1) Our Annual, in the hope, that it may afford her half the pleasure in receiving that it does us in the giving.

(2) A little paper weight to be kept on her table to hold down the Seniors' requests.

Item VII.—The Courses:

(1) To the B. S. and B. P. Courses we do will and bequeath:
Several hours of leisure, provided we be allowed to take with us three periods of the Sophomore work.

(2) To the A. B. Course we do bequeath:
A convex mirror for broader vision—that is to say, a *few* electives.

(3) To the B. M. Course we do bequeath:
Enough practice periods if the committee will take out four periods from each year's program.

Item VIII.—To the Training School and Pedagogical Department we leave our best wishes for many successful years, as an expression of gratitude for the interest shown in our work.

Item IX.—To the English Department our bequest is conditional:
We leave to it a guarantee of turning out numberless Shakespeares and Miltons provided Senior Essays are abolished.

Item X.—To the History Department we do will and bequeath:
Our most ardent History Student, Edith Latham, as we find it impossible to take her with us.

Item XI.—To the Department of Geology, Biology, and Physical Geography we will:
The "New World" for the sole purpose of "Field Trips."

Item XII.—To the Mathematics Department we do bequeath:
Seven of our members. These we choose to leave as we cannot find it in our hearts to sever them from a subject they have clung to for four long years.

Item XIII.—To the Physics and Manual Training Department we do leave:

(1) All the love that thirty-eight loyal hearts can hold for the work of these ideal-inspiring courses.

(2) Also the hope that classes in the future may, as we have, receive untold benefits from this work.

Item XIV.—To the French Department we do bequeath:
One pint bottle of red ink.

Item XV.—To the Music Department we leave:
Our monotones to vary the monotony.

Item XVI.— To the State Normal and Industrial College we do will and bequeath:

(1) Our best wishes for its future welfare.

(2) Our thanks for the benefits received at its hands.

(3) Our bank account, to be used as a loan fund for the benefit of young women who would otherwise be unable to attend College.

Having disposed of all our worldly goods and unsolicited advice we do hereby constitute and appoint Mr. Hammel and Mr. Matheson, Executors of this, our last Will and Testament.

In testimony whereby we hereunto set our signature and seal, the year and date above written.

CLASS OF 1911

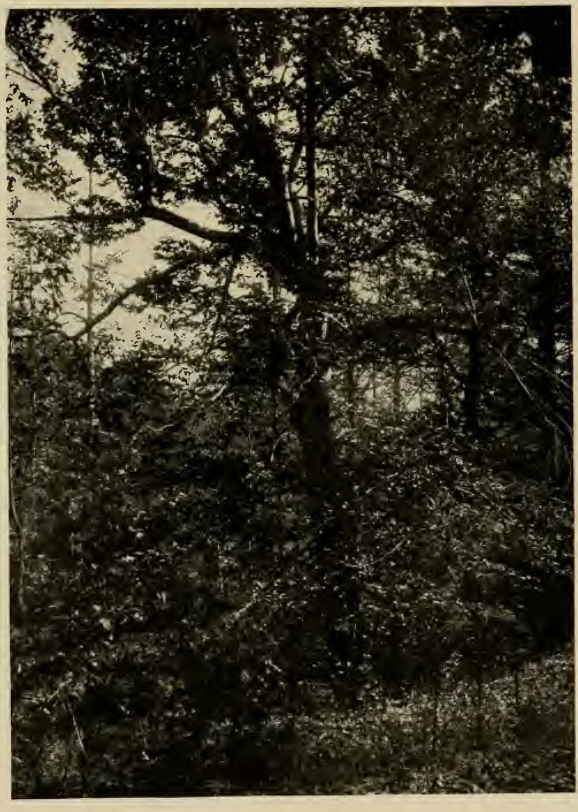
Class Poem

WE stand today as tho' upon the sands
Of an ocean's broad expanse,
And as travelers seeking shores of other lands,
Take many a backward glance
O'er scenes and faces dear e'er they embark.
So we with ling'ring farewells e'er we pass,
Stand here today, the last time as a class,
And then—depart.

Today we leave the little stream on which
We've journeyed in the past,
And with some valued stores and treasures rich,
Which we have gained, at last
Begin a voyage on which far more depends
Than we can know, but which we must pursue,
And day by day gain still a broader view
Until life ends.

'Tis life itself which we have had these years,
And not, as they sometimes say,
A preparation, merely, for the tears
And joys that will come our way.
Then blessings on the ones who've helped us here
And taught us what from life we each should gain,
And may we by their teaching yet attain
A nobler sphere.

We are but children, playing on the shore
Of this great sea of life,
But from its depths we'll always draw far more
If we but enter in the strife,
And seek in all things this great truth to learn,
"He gains the most from life, who best can give,"
Then let our motto, long as we shall live,
Be—"Als Ich Kann."



A Leafy Refuge From Senior Cares

Composite Photographs

THE PRETTIEST SENIOR

Bessie Bennett's hair.
Cat Erwin's eyes.
Edith Latham's nose.
Annie Goodloe Browne's mouth.
Huldah Slaughter's dimples.
Jessie Earnhardt's figure.
Margaret Pickett's chin.
Olivia Burbage's foot.

THE UGLIEST SENIOR

Leta Berry's hair.
Cat Jones's eyes.
Min Littmann's nose.
Allie Parsons' mouth.
Bertha Daniel's freckles.
Nan Lacy's chin.
Zannie Koonce's figure.
Nora Carpenter's foot.

To 1911—Past and Present

HERE'S a song for the old Red and White—
All our classmates to memory dear,
Of whom but the memory's left to us now
They met their sad fate at mid-year.

And here's to the ones left behind,
Who have stayed through the thick and the thin;
Who have toiled side by side in the hope
That at last those diplomas they'd win.

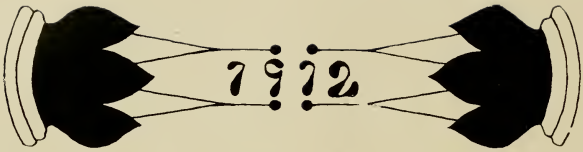
They have slaved for the class that they love,
Tried ever to do what was right—
So, Sisters, I give you a cheer for us all,
Hurrah for the old Red and White!

Athletic Spirit

Sing a song of tournament!
A week full of care,
Colors waving, rooters raving,
Balls in the air!
When the game is over,
The winning class goes wild!
They yell and squall like savages.
But the losers all are riled.

M. J. was telling a joke about a lady whom she had heard discussing *compulsoratory* vaccination. "I nearly laughed right before her," she declared. "She said this *compulsoratory* vaccination was the first thing the town had ever given away, and then she couldn't have it." "But why couldn't she have it?" asked her interested companion." "Why, she wasn't well enough for it, so they just simply gave her a certificate of *extinction*," was the explanation.

JUNIOR



Officers

FALL TERM		*SPRING TERM*
Rebecca Herring	President	Clyde Fields
Amy Joseph	Vice-President	Ethel McNairy
Claudia Cashwell	Secretary	Alice Harris
Mary Van Poole	Treasurer	Patty Spruill
Catherine Vernon	Critic	Sabra Brogden

CLASS ROLL

Ivor Aycock
Margaret Berry
Leah Boddie
Sabra Brogden
Mary K. Brown
Janie Bryan
Hattie Burch
Claudia Cashwell
Annie Cherry
Annie Cummins
Dora Coats
Margaret Cobb
Madge Coble
Fay Davenport
Grace Eaton
Lucile Elliott
Clyde Fields
Reba Foust
Louise Gill
May Green
Myrtle Green
Gertrude Glenn
Lucy Hamilton
Rebecca Herring
Alice Harris
Florence Hunt
Hazel Hunt
Mary Hunter
Hattie Howell
Ethel Ivey
Nellie Johnston
Margaret Johnson
Bessie Jordan
Ara Jordan
Amy Joseph
Mabel Jetton
Louise Lucas
Lucy Landon
Ethel McNairy
Alice Morrison
Lucille Middleton
Kate Owen
Lucy Robertson
Ethel Skinner
Katie Smith
Thelma Smith
Ethel Smoak
Pattie Spruill
Kate Styron
Sarah Tulbert
Mary Van Poole
Catherine Vernon
Emma Vickery
Margaret Wilson
Pauline Whitley
Nell Witherington

Junior Class

"Echoes from Opera"

Life is a See-Saw From "A Knight for a Day"

To 1911—"Our Fair Superiors"

Senior-Junior Reception

The evening of February the fourteenth, nineteen hundred and eleven, the third birthday of the Junior class tree, found the tree's branches laden with blossoms, a mingled mass of red and white swaying to and fro in the wind. Dan Cupid, armed with his bow and arrow, plucked these blossoms and presented them to the Seniors, who quickly tearing them open, found in each a Cupid bearing the missive:

"To you, our Senior friend,
This message now we send
For you to come on Saturday next
To the Curry Building. Now don't be perplexed,
But promptly come at eight o'clock
And Dan Cupid will meet you when you knock"

Promptly at eight o'clock on the evening of February seventeenth, Cupid greeted the Seniors and the members of the Faculty as they entered the Chapel of the Curry Building, which, draped in the colors of the Senior class, red and white, had been turned into an amphitheatre. Here, after an informal reception, "Echoes from Opera" and "An Old Sweetheart of Mine" were presented by members of the Junior class.

An arrow shot from Cupid's bow directed the stately maids and Faculty to the banquet hall. From the center of the ceiling hung a large red heart, pierced by an arrow. A thousand smaller hearts radiated in all directions from the large one. The tables arranged in the shape of a "1911," were decorated with large hearts out of which trailed smilax and red carnations. At each place were found a paper knife and a tiny red heart, illuminated with a wish bone, and containing the following menu:

Oyster Cocktail

Salad — Sandwiches
Olives — Saltines

Salted Nuts

Ice — Wafers

After Dinner Mints

The Toasts of the evening were:

Toastmistress - - - - - - - - - - - Margaret Wilson
To the Seniors - - - - - - - - - - - Margaret Wilson
Their existence through College - - - - - Mary K. Brown
To the Faculty - - - - - - - - - - - - Kate Styron
To Senior Hall - - - - - - - - - - - - Jamie Bryan
To the College - - - - - - - - - - - - May Green
To the Future - - - - - - - - - - - - Ethel Skinner

Junior Class Song

OH, classmates, come
And join in a song of the class
We love so well,
Of the class of 1912!
For her will we try
To gain praises high.
In all that we do,
How loyal and true
We'll be to lavender and white!
And 1912—dear 1912!

Oh 1912!
Lyal in all, now and forever
To thee and our Alma Mater!
With all of our might
We'll strive for the right
In order to be
An honor to thee,
To thee and lavender and white!
Oh 1912!—dear 1912!

Oh 1912!
Class that we love with
All of our hearts so true,
Dear class 'tis of you we sing.
In all that we do,
In each little thing,
Forever we'll be
Still loyal to thee,
To Vi'lets—lavender and white!
To 1912!—our 1912!

SOPHOMORE.

Sophomore Class

COLORS: *Blue and White* FLOWER: *White Carnation*

MOTTO: *Excelsior*

OFFICERS

Fall Term		*Spring Term*
FLORENCE HILDEBRAND	President	GLADYS AVERY
GERTRUDE GRIFFIN	Vice-President	LIZZIE RODDICK
CARRIE TOOMER	Secretary	MILDRED RANKIN
PATTIE SPURGEON	Treasurer	VERTA IDOL
BAIN HENDERSON	Critic	SADIE RICE
MARY HANES	Monitor	MERIEL GROVES
MILDRED HARRINGTON	Historian	MILDRED HARRINGTON

SONG

(TUNE: Juanita)

Class of 1913! We will ever sing thy praise,
Glory and honor to thee we will raise.
Excelsior is our motto, may our aim ever be true,
May we always win thee fame, class of white and blue.

CHORUS

Class of 1913,
For thee we'll strive with all our might.
How we all love thee,
Class of blue and white.

Class of 1913! Proudly wearing white and blue
To Alma Mater we will e'er be true.
While we strive for higher fame, we will ever think of you,
And we'll always to thy name be loyal, aye, and true.

Class of 1913! May we never from thee part,
As now, thro' coming years, we'll love thee with all our heart.
May higher, higher, be our aim, may we e'er, to thee be true,
May we always win thee fame, class of white and blue.

Sophomore Class

Sophomore Class Roll

Eula Alexander
Gladys Avery
Maude Beatty
Della Blevins
Ethel Bollinger
Lura Brogden
Elizabeth Bunch
Mary Bruner
Lucile Cavenaugh
Louise Crawford
Lillian Crisp
Elizabeth Craig
Ruth Deans
Martha Faison
Elizabeth Gray
Gertrude Griffin
Meriel Groves
Ione Grogan
Rena Gudger
Ruth Groome
Mary Hanes
Mildred Harrington
Bain Henderson
Florence Hildebrand
Cecile Holt
Myrtyle Herney
Verta Idol
Florence Jeffries
Eva Jordan
Elizabeth Jones
Marrianna Justice
Rachel Lynch
Margaret Mann
Pearl McNeill
Corinna Mial
Hattie Motzno
Virginia Moir
Alice Phelps
Isabel Pierson
Elizabeth Pollard
Mary Porter
Mildred Rankin
Annie Redwine
Lizzie Roddick
Katherine Robinson
Christine Rutledge
Sadie Rice
Pattie Spurgeon
Sallie Sumner
Naomi Schell
Grace Stanford
Gretchen Taylor
Mary Tennent
Carrie Toomer
Anna Williams
Annie Whitty

The Second Clover Leaf

Leaf number one for Freshman folly;
Two, for the wise, young Sophomore;
Three, for Juniors, gay and jolly;
Four, for the stately senior's lore.

In the Fall of nineteen and ten, a band of loyal maidens, who proudly called themselves the "Four Leaf Clovers," returned to the Normal College and began the college year with Florence Hildebrand as president. Their familiarity with the mysteries of schedule arrangement and their profound pity for all things young and green (freshmen, of course, excepted) readily proclaimed them Sophomores.

During the last weeks of October, startling placards, bearing black cats with spitefully arched backs and hideous old witches on the proverbial broomstick, announced that the Sophomores would entertain at a Hallowe'en party in the gymnasium. On Bob-apple night, the guests were met at the door of the gymnasium by sheeted guides who invited them, in sepulchral tones, to visit the wishing well. At the wishing well a rustic bower of green with a real bucket on a real windlass, the inquisitive could behold the faces of their future husbands in cups of delicious lemonade. The timid ones among the guests were given ample opportunities to indulge in shrieks of horror as the ghostly guides pointed out with clammy fingers, the seething Witches' Caldron. In the gypsy tent, a beautiful, dark-eyed maiden with glittering jewels in her raven hair and about her bare, brown throat, crossed the hands of the curious with a piece of silver and spun wonderful yarns in a most realistically professional fashion. Among the notable shades who had once been prominent characters in college life, were the ghost of *the girl who studied Too Hard*, and the ghost of *the girl who wrote contracts*. As a finale, the children in the "Pumpkin-head School" recited the favorite expressions of the Faculty with a glibness which bespoke familiarity with their subject.

One cold, wintry night, a little later on, a troupe of maidens, in the frilliest and most bewitching of blue bonnets, tripped across the Campus, swinging blue lanterns and singing:

"Put on your new blue bonnet,
With the blue ribbon on it,
And we'll march the campus o'er,
With each lantern lighted
And none affrighted
See each gay, young sophomore!"

After the organization of the Students' Council, the Sophomores were chiefly conspicuous for their absence at midnight feasts and like festivities. They were seen heroically wading through the mud in order to keep off the grass;

they refused to cut chapel; they dutifully observed walking-period. The conclusion to these observations is: the Sophomores have taken the pledge to keep all regulations.

Early in January, the Freshmen received invitations with a tiny, blue four-leaf clover, in the upper left hand corner, and on the evening of January the seventh, the Sophomores entertained the Freshmen in the dining hall. The room was softly lighted with many-colored Japanese lanterns, pink, red, white and yellow; chrysanthemums bloomed in the evergreens which covered the walls. Inviting cushions and rugs were strewn over the floor in Japanese fashion. The guests were received by the Freshman and Sophomore class presidents, while little Japanese maidens helped bid them welcome in startlingly good English. Tea was served by the same demure maidens with hair piled high on their heads and big chrysanthemums bobbing over their ears. Later on, they again made their funny little salaams to the guests as they served them with green and white cream and wafers. During the evening, the history of a little Jap, who came to America and met some of the Freshmen, was read. His ardent expressions of admiration for the Freshmen and their unexpected replies were the titles of some of the popular songs of the day. Some one played the opening bars of each song while the visitors attempted to guess the little Jap's question, or the Freshman's reply. One of the most interesting features of the evening was the Japanese pantomime. The little Japs, with their great butterfly sashes and pretty paper fans, gossiped and flirted just as one would imagine real Japs do. Little jewelry boxes with "1914" engraved on them were distributed by a Jap who made his rounds in a green and white jinriksha. The college orchestra helped to make merry throughout the evening.

In the auditorium of the Student's Building, on the evening of February the third, the Sophomore class presented *The Palace of Truth* complimentary to the visiting legislators.

In athletics, the Sophomores have done very creditable work.

In conclusion; the "Four-leaf Clover" girls earnestly hope to be mutually helpful to themselves, their college, and their State. Whatever of difficulties they may encounter they have one unfailing consolation—this year's Senior cannot, like last year's, present the class of nineteen and thirteen with a growing evergreen in token of its verdancy.

HISTORIAN, 13

FRESHMEN

COLORS: *Green and White* FLOWER: *White Rose*

MOTTO: *Immer Treu*

OFFICERS

First Term		*Second Term*
ANNIE SUGG	President	ROSA BLAKENEY
MAUDE BUNN	Vice-President	INA HARRIS
FANNIE S. MITCHELL	Treasurer	IRENE ROBBINS
SALLIE BODDIE	Secretary	MARY PERRITT
SUSIE HYMAN	Critic	PATTIE J. GROVES
LOUISE BELL	Annual Editor	LOUISE BELL

YELL

Holly-goo-noo-goo-nack, goo-nack!
Holly-goo-noo-goo-nack, goo-nack!
Wurr-r-r-rup, Wurr-r-r-rrup!
Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah!
1914, 1914, 1914.

Freshman Class

Freshman Class Roll

Lucy Abernathy
Louise Alexander
Agnes Ashley
Effie Baynes
Louise Bell
Rosa Blakeney
Lena Blalocks
Sallie Boddie
Annie Bostian
Joy Briggs
Marguerite Brooks
Ray Bruton
Maude Bunn
Mabel Bird
Rosa Cochrane
Bessie Craven
Ruby Deal
Mattie Decker
Grace Elliott
Laura Faison
Selma Fleming
Clara Foy
Mamie Freeman
Nina Garner
Ethie Garrett
Gladys Goodson
Mary Greene
Huldah Groome
Pattie Groves
Ruth Gunter
Elizabeth Hall
Ruth Hampton
Ina Harris
Phoebe Higgins
Cyrette Holliday
Hallie Holloway
Mamie Holloway
Iris Holt
Julia Holt
Elsie House
Lillian Hunt
Susie Hyman
Cora Johns
Ruth Johnston
Helen Jones
Louise Jones
Lila Justice
Ethel Keeter
Mazie Kirkpatrick
Verna Leggett
Ada Lentz
Edith Lineberger
Mattie Lipe
Helen McCormick
Irene McConnell
Clara McNeil
May McQueen
Grace Marsh
Myrtle Mathews
Cornelia Miller
Fannie S. Mitchell
Eliza Moore
Rose Moose
Eleanor Morgan
Jeannette Musgrove
Effie Newton
Myrtle Nicolson
Ora Parker
Mary Perritt
Lucile Pike
Rochelle Pippin
Agnes Pugh
Annie Reade
Alice Robbins
Irene Robbins
Fannie Robertson
Mary Robertson
Alice Rogers
Annie Scott
Lois Sharpe
Sara Shuford
Mary Shuford
Margaret N. Smith
Nettie Smoak
Minnie Sommer
Alma Stewart
Florrie Strange
Hazel Stephenson
Willie M. Stratford
Maida Strupe
Annie Sugg
Bessie Swindell
Pearl Temple
Bessie Terry
Nellie Thomas
Mollie Townsend
Lina Turner
Fannie Vinson
Nancy Wall
Lillian Watson
Annie L. Webb
Mary Wellons
Dallie West
Pauline White
Blanche Whitemore
Emma F. Wilson
Annie M. Woodside

Freshman Class Song

OH, dear Class we pledge to thee
Faith and Truth and Loyalty,
For right and honor we will stand
As we journey hand in hand;
Immer Treu our motto be
Always faithful to thee.

And through all the coming years
We will conquer all our fears,
We will strive with all our might
To gain fame for green and white,
To bring honor and bring joy.
1914, Immer Treu.

And when at last we reach the end,
And our ways we onward wend,
We'll remember, with delight,
Thee, dear Class of green and white,
For we've found in Immer Treu
Present love and future joy.

Yearnings

WOULD I were a Senior stately;
Would I might room on Senior Hall,
Where the girls walk 'round sedately,
And never seem to work at all—
So sighed the Freshman.

Oh, for recognition of my greatness!
This stupid world can't see
That the most distinguished person here
Is this member of 1913 namely me
So sighed the Sophomore.

Oh, what a heavy burden I bear!
Managing this college is such a care.
Yet I do it well, that's certainly clear.
If only those Seniors weren't here!
So sighed the Junior.

Oh, for days of Freshman greenness,
And experiences yet untried,
When I was the prey of every meanness
That a clever Sophomore ever tried—
So sighed the Senior.

COLLEGE
ORGANIZATIONS

Adelphian Society Hall

ΔΔΕΛΦΙ

Adelphian Literary Society

Adelphian Society Roll

Addie May Abernathy
Louise Alexander
Mildred Anders
Rosa Lee Asbury
Agnes Ashley
Cobine Austin
Helen Austin
Gladys Avery
Ivor Aycock
Effie Baynes
Frances Barringer
Eva Bateman
Lilly Batterham
Rose Batterham
Lena Baxley
Maude Beatty
Hallie Beavers
Margaret Beckham
Eloise Bell
Leta Berry
Margaret Berry
Clara Blackwell
Lena Blalock
Joanna Bland
Della Blevins
Leah Boddie
Mamie Boren
Lillian Bradshaw
Frances Broadfoot
Nannie Brown
Ora Lee Brown
Annie Goodloe Browne
Ida E. Browne
Mary Bruner
Ray Bruton

Jamie Bryan
Elizabeth Bunch
Lula Burton
Norma Burwell
Mabel Byrd
Laura Campbell
Janie Carlyle
Bessie Cashwell
Rose Case
Myrtle Caudill
Cora Caudle
Inez Cheek
Margaret C. Cobb
Madge Coble
Rose Cochrane
Margaret Cole
Mabel Cooper
Mary Cooper
Margaret Cox
Estelle Cranford
Louise Crawford
Edna Crews
Lillian Crisp
Lucy Culpepper
Sydney Dowty
Jennie Dysart
Mildred Edwards
Grace Elliott
Guelda Elliott
Catherine Ervin
Kathleen Erwin
Carrie Exum
Georgie Faison
Margaret Faison
Fannie Ferguson

Gertrude Finger
Mary Flanagan
Marion Forney
Reba Foust
Flora Franck
Ruth Gaither
Nina Garner
Sibyl Gates
May Gay
Carrie Gill
Lena Glenn
Dessie Grantham
Elizabeth Grey
Gertrude Griffin
Mary Green
Ione Grogan
Huldah Groome
Ruth Groome
Meriel Groves
Ruth Gunter
Elizabeth Hall
Lucy Hamilton
Mary Hanes
Mildred Harrington
Alice Harris
Frances Hays
Fannie Higgins
Phebe Higgins
Florence Hildebrand
Hallie Holloway
Pearle Holloway
Mary Holshauser
Inez Honrine
Mabelle Horney
Elsie Hause

Adelphian Society Roll Continued

Florence Hunt
Hazel Hunt
Helen Hunt
Florence Hughes
Bessie Husketh
Florence Jeffress
Emma Jessup
Mable Jetton
Louise Johnson
Margaret Johnson
Sadye Johnson
Catharine Jones
Elizabeth Jones
Helen Jones
Eva Jordan
Marea Jordan
Viola Joseph
Amy Joseph
Cornelia Josey
Wenonah Joyner
Lila Justice
Marianna Justice
Ethel Keeter
Winnie Kinsland
Bertha Knight
Sarah Kornegay
Agnes Lacy
Lucy Landon
Sudie Landon
Mabel Leary
Pattie Leary
Ada Lentz
Edith Lineberger
Minnie Littmann
Elizabeth Long
Emma Lossen
Rachel Lynch
Helen McCormick
Annie McGee
Elsie McIntosh
Annie McKeithan
Vonnie McLean
Ethel McNairy
Pearle McNeill
Myrtle Matthews
Annie Matlock
Lila Melvin
Lucille Middleton
Fannie Starr Mitchell
Virginia Moir
Mattie Morgan
Alice Morrison
Mildred Moses
Nora Myers
Annie Newton
Effie Newton
Mary Neilly
Mary Nichols
Myrtle Nicholson
Irma Noble
Jessie Noble
Willie Noell
Pauline Palmer
Ora Parker
Malona Patterson
Bessie Paylor
Ivey Paylor
Carrie Perkins
Mary Perritt
Rosa Perry
Sadie Petree
Daisy Pinner
Mamie Pinkston
Margaret Pickett
Mary Porter
Alfreda Pittard
Lillian Proctor
Audrey Pruden
Helen Pryor
Nellie Rabe
Annie Reade
Alice Robbins
Irene Robbins
Fannie Robertson
Kathrine Robinson
Alice Rogers
Ethel Russell
Christine Rutledge
Bera Scarborough
Naomi Schell
Annie Scott
Ora Scott
Merrill Shelton
Mary Shield
Mary Shuping
Eunice Sinclair
Moffitt Sinclair
Ethel Skinner
Huldah Slaughter
Margaret Smith
Thelma Smith
Ethel Smoak
Nettie Smoak
Lena Snipes
Minnie Somers
Douglas Southerland
Mary Spivey
Margaret Sprague
Patty Spruill
Grace Stanford
Delorah Stepp
Hazel Stephens
Blanche Stockard
Maida Strupe
Mamie Sturgill
Kitty Sugg
Frances Summerell
Bessie Swindell
Bernice Taylor
Pearle Temple

Adelphian Society Roll—Concluded

Mary Tennent
Bessie Terry
Maude Trent
Sarah Tulbert
Lina Turner
Katherine Vernon
Emma Vickery
Fannie Vinson
Harriet Wardlaw
Emma Warren
Ella Wells
Rosa Wells
Dallie West
Kathleen Wharton
Pauline White
Clara Whitley
Pauline Whitley
Pearl Whitley
Blanche Whitmore
Estelle Willeford
Elizabeth Williams
Nannie Williams
Emma Wilson
Margaret Wilson
Mary Winborne
Ina Winfree
Gertrude Winston
Fenelope Witherington
Esther Yelverton

Faculty Members

of the

Adelphian Literary Society

Miss Gertrude W. Mendenhall
Miss Melville V. Fort
Prof. Charles Brockmann
Miss Laura Hill Coit
Miss Julia Dameron
Miss Iola Exum
Mrs. Myra Albright
Miss Minnie Jamison
Miss Julia Raines
Miss Nettie Leete Parker
Miss Annie Martin McIver
Dr. E. W. Gudger
Miss Rebecca Schenck
Mr. W. C. Jackson
Miss Edna C. Bryner
Miss Hinda Teague Hill
Miss Emma King
Miss Lavalette Dupuy
Miss Eva Culbreth
Miss Claudia Crumpton
Miss Martha E. Winfield
Mr. J. A. Matheson
Miss Eva Powers Washburn
Miss Mamie Tolar
Mr. R. A. Merritt
Miss Mullen

Programs of the Adelphian Literary Society

1910-1911

The Hour Glass

A PLAY—BY W. B. YEATS

September 30, 1910

A Wise Man	Minnie Littmann
Teigue, a Fool	Ione Grogan
The Wise Man's Wife	Mary Bruner
An Angel	Coline Austin
Children of the Wise Man	Effie Baynes May Brooks Mary Tennent Ethel McNairy
Pupils of Wise Man	Mary Hanes Grace Stanford Mamie Boren

Debate

October 14, 1910

Query—*Resolved*, That Vivisection Should be Prohibited by Law.

AFFIRMATIVE	*NEGATIVE*
Lucy Hamilton	Lillian Crisp
Ethel Smoak	Emma Vickery

Decision in Favor of the Negative

Initiation Program

The Land of Heart's Desire

A PLAY—BY W. B. YEATS

October 28, 1910

Maire Bruin	Mildred Moses
Shawn Bruin	Ethel Skinner
Maurteen Bruin	Della Blevins
Bridget Bruin	Mildred Harrington
Father Hart	Leah Boddie
A Fairy Child	Marianna Justice

Menu

TOMATO SALAD
OLIVES

CHEESE SANDWICHES
BEATEN BISCUIT

CELERY

ICE CREAM
COFFEE

CAKE
WAFERS

TOASTS

Toast Mistress - - - - - - - - - - - - - CATHARINE JONES

To Our New Members - - - - - - - - - - - - MINNIE LITTMANN

"I thought to pass away before, and yet alive I am."

To the Cornelian Society - - - - - - - - - - MARGARET WILSON

"I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies."

To the Adelphian Society - - - - - - - - - - JAMIE BRYAN

"And more such days as these to us befall."

To the visitors - - - - - - - - - - - - - FRANCES BROADFOOT

"And once more I shower a welcome on ye—welcome all."

To the Alumnae - - - - - - - - - - - - - LEAH BODDIE

"In thinking of the days that are no more."

To the Faculty - - - - - - - - - - - - - ROSE BATTERHAM

"Their master's and their mistresses' command,
The younkers a' are warned to obey."

To Dr. Foust - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ETHEL SKINNER

"The spirit which keeps thee is
Noble, courageous, unmatchable."

To Our Next Meeting - - - - - - - - - - - - GLADYS AVERY

"Anticipation foward points the view."
"Gude nicht, and joy be wi' you a'!"

The Pot of Broth

BY W. B. YEATS

November 11, 1910

A Beggarman - - - - - - - - - - - - - - NAOMI SCHELL

John Coneely - - - - - - - - - - - - - - MARY TENNENT

Sibby Coneely - - - - - - - - - - - - - - SARAH TULBERT

Tableaux

The Angelus - - - - - - FRANCES SUMMERELL AND ROSA PERRY

Joan of Arc - - - - - - GUELDA ELLIOTT

The Girl With the Muff - - - VIOLA JOSEPH

Bubbles - - - - - - - MARGARET SMITH

Mother and Daughter - - - - ELIZABETH LONG AND EMMA WILSON

Pilgrim Exiles - - - - - FANNIE STARR MITCHELL AND ESTHER YELVERTON

Ruth and Naomi - - - - - ELSIE HOUSE AND MARY SPIVEY

Queen Louise - - - - - BERNICE TAYLOR

Ruth, the Gleaner - - - - AUDREY PRUDEN

Debate

December 16, 1910

Query—*Resolved*, That the Elective System should be adopted in our Southern colleges.

AFFIRMATIVE	*NEGATIVE*
Leta Berry	Catherine Vernon
Pattie Spruill	Elizabeth Bunch

Decision in favor of the Negative

Address

"The Old Order Changeth"

BY MR. W. C. JACKSON

January 20, 1911

Cathleen ni Hoolihan

A PLAY BY CHARLES YEATS

January 31, 1911

Cathleen ni Hoolihan	Alice Morrison
Bridget Gillane	Margaret Pickett
Peter Gillane	Margaret Faison
Michael Gillane	Thelma Smith
Delia Cabel	Margaret Berry
Patrick Gillane	Elizabeth Jones

Debate

March 3, 1911

Query—*Resolved*, That Woman Suffrage will better the conditions in North Carolina.

AFFIRMATIVE	*NEGATIVE*
Gertrude Griffin	Norma Burwell
Reba Foust	Effie Baynes

Decision in favor of Negative

Five o'Clock Tea

A PLAY—BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

Mrs. Somers	Virginia Moir
Mr. Willis Campbell	Ivor Aycock
Mr. Bemis	Elizabeth Grey
Mr. Roberts	Christine Rutledge
Mrs. Roberts	Helen Austin
Mrs. Curwen	Florence Hildebrand
Dr. Lawton	Meriel Groves
Mr. Miller	Ora Lee Brown
Mrs. Miller	Merrill Shelton
Mr. Bemis, Jr.	Mary Porter
Mrs. Bemis, Jr.	Sybil Gates
Mrs. Crashaw	Amy Joseph
Miss Bagly	Lila Justice
Mrs. Wharton	Katherine Robinson
Maid	Emma Wilson

The Adelphian Literary Society

Our hall, with its heavy curtains and its inviolable doors, shuts in something more than the mere secrets of a literary society. It encloses the love and reverence of hundreds who have been received into its membership—the devotion of its present workers and the loyalty and lasting interest of those who have worked for it in the past. The Adelphian Society means, for those whose names are recorded on its roll, the firmest and most sacred fellowship of these college years, a bond, a beacon, and an association that will link us closer to our college and each other in the years to come. The Society is a practical organization, helpful in fitting us for the lives which we are preparing ourselves to lead. It stands for culture, broadened ideals, general educational development, and it aims, too, to bring out womanliness and steadfastness of character and to give us poise and ease of bearing. And more than all else it gives us a revelation of the beauty and value of co-operation, of united interest and labor. It is one of the very strongest forces for good in the out-of-class side of our college life.

Adelphai

SHOULDER to shoulder, hearts filled with devotion,
With purpose not aimless, but earnest and true;
United by all of the ties of deep friendship,
We bring, O Adelphai, our homage to you.
We pledge to you loyalty, long and unending.
Loyalty which will be firm, will be sure;
Devotion we pledge you, which never can perish,
And love which through all coming time will endure.
In all that we do we shall never forget you;
Each member will strive to gain honor, gain fame,
Not merely to satisfy selfish ambitions,
But to add honor to your beloved name.
Ever before us to point t'ward the highest,
Ever beside us to lead t'ward the right,
You, in the years now dim in the distance,
Will be, O Adelphai, our clear, guiding light.
And with courage undaunted we'll march ever onward
Up the heights to be won, along paths strange and new;
But now and forever, one great band of sisters,
We will be, O Adelphai, still loyal to you.

Cornelia's Praises

In joy and praise come let us sing,
  With anthem clear and strong;
Let all Cornelian voices ring
  In free, exultant song
Of pride for that fair name we bear—
  Cornelian! glorious word
To make us gladly do and dare,
  Whene'er 'tis thought, whene'er 'tis heard.

We'll onward, upward ever move,
  Our footsteps forward prest;
Together move in sister-love
  Unto the mountain's crest,
To gain the fair, wide-spreading view
  Which round the mountain lies,
And gives us understanding new,
  Enlightening our eager eyes.

May Cornelia's name have ne'er a stain
  From any daughter's deed.
For her all glory will we gain
  And give her honor's meed;
For firm and staunch we e'er will stand,
  Unto each other true,
And loyal to our noble band,
  Hers—yea, her own, our whole lives through.

Cornelian Society Hall

Cornelian Literary Society

Cornelian Society Roll

Lucy Abernathy
Nettie Albright
Eula Alexander
Fannie Apple
Lottie Barber
Mae Barnes
Ethel Baugh
Louise Bell
Bessie Bennet
Stella Benson
Stella Benton
Jessie Biggs
Antoinette Black
Hazel Black
Julia Holt Black
Rosa Blakeney
Iola Bledsoe
Sallie Boddie
Ethel Bollinger
Sallie J. Bond
Annie Bostian
Joy Briggs
Lura Brogden
Sabra Brogden
Louise Brooks
Marguerite Brooks
Louise Brown
Mae Brown
Mary K. Brown
Fannie Bruton
Mary Bruton
Mrs. Buford
Katharine Bunn
Maude Bunn
Olivia Burbage

Hattie Burch
Elizabeth Camp
Marguerite Cannady
Minnie Cannady
Nora Carpenter
Claudia Cashwell
Alverda Caudill
Lucile Cavenaugh
Annie Cherry
Ernestine Cherry
Mabel Clary
Dora Coats
Maggie Cöble
Flossie Cole
Eva Coltrane
Jeannette Cox
Elizabeth Craddock
Elizabeth Craig
Bessie Craven
Vera Crowell
Annie Cummings
Bertha Daniel
Fanny Darlington
Lallah Daughety
Fay Davenfort
Ruby Deal
Ruth Deans
Martha Decker
Roselle Ditmon
Jessie Earnhardt
Grace Eaton
Mamie Eaton
Lillian Edgerton
Virginia Eller
Lucile Elliott

Laura Murphy Faison
Martha Faison
Ruth Faison
Julia Farmer
Lillian Field
Clyde Fields
Lizzie Kate Foard
Clara Fay
Virginia Frashure
Nannie Frizell
Jessie Gainey
Ethie Garrett
Annie Gibson
Louise Gill
Gertrude Glenn
Ethel Goldston
Gladys Goodson
Jessie Green
May Green
Myrtle Green
Lena Green
Lila Grier
Pattie Groves
Rena Gudger
Ruth Hampton
Zora Hannah
Ina Harris
Elizabeth Harry
Frances Harry
Allen Hart
Bain Henderson
Rebecca Herring
Stella Hoffman
Cyrette Holliday
Mamie Holloway

Gay Holman
Cecile Holt
Iris Holt
Julia Holt
Myrtle Horney
Katherine Hoskins
Hattie Howell
Theresa Hubner
Effie Hughes
Magdalene Hummel
Fannie Hunt
Lillian Hunt
Mary Hunter
Susie Hyman
Verta Idol
Ethel Ivey
Nellie Johnson
Lena May Johnson
Mollie Johnston
Myrtle Johnston
Ruth Johnston
Annie Jones
Louise Jones
Ara Jordan
Bessie Jordan
Ada Joyce
Leola Kelly
Audrey Kennette
Annie Kirby
Belle Kirk
Mazie Kirkpatrick
Zannie Koonce
Alma Kornegay
Nannie Lacy
Byrd Lambe
Edith Latham
Verna Leggett
Emmie Belle LeGwin
Mattie Lipe
Louise Lucas

Belle Lupton
Mary Luther
Margaret Mann
Nan McArn
Irene McConnell
Myrtle McCord
Mary Lou McCullen
Amanda McDiarmid
Belle McDonald
Annie McKiethan
Mary Wood McKenzie
Mattie McKinney
Kate McLeon
Kate McNeely
Clara McNeill
Grace McNeill
Bershie McWhorter
Corinna Mial
Cornelia Miller
Florence Mitchell
Retha Moffitt
Florence Moore
Lillian Moore
Rose Moose
Eleanor Morgan
Mamie Morgan
Adelaide Morrow
Hattie Motzno
Jeannette Musgrove
Mrs. Nelson
Katharine Norfleet
Natalie Nunn
Esther Osborne
Kate Lea Owen
Allie Parsons
Nellie Peary
Gladys Pennington
Lillian Pennington
Alice Phelps
Isabel Pierson

Lucile Pike
Rochelle Pippin
Elizabeth Pollard
Mary Propst
Agnes Pugh
Nanette Ramseur
Annie Redwine
Lillian Reeves
Sadie Rice
Lucy Robertson
Mary Robertson
Lizzie Roddick
Marion Saintsing
Margaret Scott
Allie May Seago
Ellen Sharp
Lois Sharp
Sarah Perrin Shuford
Mabel Sides
Clyde Sigmon
Minnie Simmons
Mary Slaughter
Annie Smith
Katie Smith
Marguerite Smith
Fearl Smith
Blair Spencer
Velna Springs
Rosa Spruill
Sadie Spruill
Pattie Spurgeon
Rosa Sternberger
Florrie Strange
Willie May Stratford
Erie Stuart
Huron Stuart
Kate Styron
Annie Suggs
Sallie Sumner
Lynnette Swain

Cornelian Society Roll—Concluded

Gretchen Taylor
Martha Taylor
Annie Bruce Terry
Nellie Thomas
Carrie Toomer
Mollie Townsend
Winifred Turlington
Carrie Twine
Mary Van Poole
May Vickery
Ada Viele
Clea Wagoner
Nola Wagstaff
Nancy Wall
Belle Walters
Mary Walters
Agnes Warren
Emma Warren
Fannie Walters
Anne Watkins
Annie Lee Webb
Mary Rand Wellons
Christianna West
Lelia White
Alice Whitson
Annie Whitty
Anna Williams
Mary Williams
Annie Louise Wills
Carey Wilson
Mary Wilson
Louise Whitley
Emma Knox Wolfe
Roberta Womble
Annie May Woodsides
Alice Yelverton
Gertrude Zachary

Honorary Cornelians of the Faculty

Dr. J. I. Foust, President

Miss Viola Boddie
Mrs. Lena Davies
Miss Mary King Daniel
Miss Ruth Fitzgerald
Miss Eva Bryan
Dr. Anna M. Goye
Miss Mary Owen Graham
Mr. W. C. A. Hammel
Miss Ethel Lewis Harris
Miss Eugenia Harris
Mr. A. T. Hill
Miss Bertha M. Lee
Miss Lessie Lindsay
Miss Alma Long
Miss Pattie McAdams
Miss Laura McAllister
Miss Nan McArn
Miss May McLelland
Miss Mary T. Moore
Miss Sue Nash
Miss Mary M. Petty
Miss Annie F. Petty
Mrs. Mary S. Sharp
Mr. W. C. Smith
Miss Cora Strong
Miss Christine Snyder
Miss Mary Robinson
Mr. E. J. Forney
Miss Clara Byrd
Miss Mary Mitchell
Mrs. Eliza Woollard

The Cornelian Literary Society

A gleam of blue and gold within a guarded hall, a throng of young women entering, seemingly to fulfil some mission, to perform some duty, each wearing a peculiar badge—a triangle of gold set with pearls. Such the first impressions of the mysterious society whose history in its fullness must remain unwritten, but whose influence is felt not only by its hundreds of members, but by many who know not its secrets.

These few words characterize our Society as outsiders know it. For itself, it is ever making history by putting before its members ennobling aims and high ideals. It strives to develop a broad intellectual spirit in its members. Through the many literary entertainments, plays, musicals, and debates, the powers of expression are developed. The timid girl no longer fears to give expression to the thought which she has clothed in beautiful and appropriate language.

But of equal importance with this ease and self-possession gained, is the cultivation of the high ideals of sisterhood and loyalty. The members of the Society are always ready to help any sister who is in sorrow and distress, and by their loving words and kindly sympathy have lightened many a burden and brought gladness to many an afflicted heart. The girls are loyal not only to each other and to their Society, but also to their College. Plans are constantly being made by which the College may be strengthened and benefitted. For instance: through our Fellowship fees we aid worthy girls who desire an education, but who could not otherwise attend college.

Years come and go, and with them many young women leave the College and the Society to begin a life of service in the State. They carry with them noble ideals, and influence all with whom they come in contact by giving a fuller, richer view of what life should mean to us all. May the work of the Cornelian Literary Society ever be carried forward toward the accomplishment of its high and noble aims, so that it may always be an honor to our College and to the State of North Carolina.

Adelaide Morrow.

Students' Council

OFFICERS

Frances Broadfoot, President

May Green, Vice-President — Mary Tennent, Secretary

MEMBERS

Lelia White
Ethel Skinner
Gladys Avery
Eleanor Morgan
Natalie Nunn
May Green
Lura Brogden
Lucy Culpepper
Myrtle Johnston
Mary K. Brown
Mary Tennent
Mollie Townsend

Cabinet of Young Women's Christian Ass'n

Natalie Nunn	President
Myrtle Johnston	Vice-President
Pauline Whitley	Secretary
Mary K. Brown	Treasurer

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES

Marea Jordan	Bible Study
Antoinette Black	Membership
Gertrude Glenn	Intercollegiate
Nan Lacy	Social
May Green	Finance
Myrtle Johnston	Missionary

Scene from "Ye Lamentable Tragedy of Julius Cæsar," as Presented by the Y. W. C. A. in Honor of Its New Members

Scene from Julius Caesar

"Caesar, great Caesar, wilt thou take this crown of tin?"
"Marcus, O Marcus, that would be a sin."

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Caesar—Margaret Wilson
Brutus—Alice Morrison
Calpurnia—Reba Foust
Portia Louise Gill
Soothsayer—Mary Van Poole
Pindarus—Lucy Robertson

Triumvirate: Antony—Mildred Moses; Lepidus—Nan McArn; Octavius—Amy Joseph

Conspirators: Cassius—Jamie Bryan; Trebonius—Mary K. Brown; Casca—Ethel Skinner

Young Women's Christian Association

THE Young Women's Christian Association is a world-wide organization of mutual service for young women. Its members number thousands of women from college, city, and village. The purpose of its organization was helpfulness—intellectual, moral and spiritual.

The work accomplished by any local organization depends largely upon the location of the particular association. The special line of work undertaken by college associations is the moral and spiritual strengthening of the college community. That does not mean that a few are trained to point out the right way, but that all members are working together in the happiest, most optimistic manner possible to help each other on the better way of contentment and a greater love for Christ. For are there not many, who can testify that their college lives have been greatly enriched by regular attendance upon the semi-weekly prayer services? There are many, who have been enrolled in Bible classes, who feel strengthened in a cultural, intellectual and spiritual way by a study of the Bible this year. Perhaps every member of our community has shared the joy of making little children of two orphanages feel happy at the Christmas time through the gift of dolls sent by the Association. We are sure that twelve loving women, who have gone from our college to publish the glad tidings where He is not known, have been gladdened by long letters from Association members. We all feel a greater interest in our fellowmen by a study of missions and the privilege to contribute toward the support of a missionary. In fact, the ways are many in which each of us has helped and been helped by taking a small part in such a great work. Has it not been worth while to work just a little for our Association this year?

Marshals 1910-1911

CHIEF

Frances Bryan Broadfoot, Cumberland County

ADELPHIAN

Huldah Slaughter	Wayne County
Minnie Littmann	Rowan County
Catharine Jones	Durham County
Ethel Skinner	Pitt County
Leah Boddie	Durham County

CORNELIAN

Myrtle B. Johnston	Washington County
Antoinette Black	New Hanover County
Bessie Bennett	Rockingham County
May Green	Davie County
Louise Gill	Scotland County

State Normal Magazine

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Advisory Committee

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Miss Edna Clare Bryner
Mr. W. C. Jackson
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E. Rose Batterham, '11
Margaret Cobb, '12

Cornelian

Myrtle B. Johnston, '11, *Chief*
Lelia White, '11
Clyde Fields, '12

Marea Jordan, *Business Manager*

Magazine Staff

White

Johnston

Fields

Batterham

Jordan

Cobb

Der deutſche Verein

COLORS: *Red, White and Black*

MOTTO: *"Die Mühe ist Klein,*
Der Spass ist gross."

OFFICERS

Spring Term		*Fall Term*
ANNIE G. BROWNE	President	ADA VIELE
ORA LEE BROWN	Vice-President	MERIEL GROVES
CATHARINE VERNON	Secretary	CLYDE FIELDS

Der Deutsche Verein

Deutsche Verein—Continued

ROLL

Bessie Bennett
Ethel Bollinger
Annie Goodloe Browne
Nannie Brown
Ora Lee Brown
Mary Bruner
Lucile Cavenaugh
Margaret Cobb
Georgie Faison
Margaret Faison
Ruth Faison
Clyde Fields
Hattie Howell
Hazel Hunt
Bessie Jordan
Eva Jordan
Amy Joseph
Lucy Landon
Rachel Lynch
Sadie Rice
Lucy Robertson
Thelma Smith
Ethel Smoak
Mary Alice Tennent
Carrie Toomer
Catherine Emily Vernon
Pauline Whitley
Ada Viele
Meriel Groves
Annie Redwine
Lalla Daughty
Annie Starr Mitchell
Gertrude Zachary
Stella Hoffman
Hattie Motzo
Anna Williams
Mary Wood McKenzie

French Club

OFFICERS

Mlle. Corrinna Mial	President
Mlle. Lena Green	Vice-President
Mlle. Naomi Schell	Secretary
Mlle. Katherine Robinson	Treasurer
Mlle. Adelaide Morrow	Critic

HONORARY MEMBERS

Mlle. Hill
Mlle. Bryan
Mlle. Bryner
Mlle. Kirkland
Mlle. Schenck

French Club—Continued

ROLL

Ivor Aycock
Mary K. Brown
Jamie Bryan
Martha Faison
Lena Green
Rebecca Herring
Verta Idol
Florence Jeffress
Louise Jones
Lila Justice
Corinna Mial
Lucile Middleton
Virginia Moir
Adelaide Morrow
Mildred Moses
Isabelle Pearson
Alice Phelps
Elizabeth Pollard
Mary Van Poole
Katherine Robinson
Naomi Schell
Kate Styron
Gretchen Taylor
Nell Witherington

Rowan County Club

Lottie Barber
Nannette Ramseur
Lillian Bradshaw
Agnes Pugh
Ada Viele
Mary Van Poole
Annie Lou Edminston
Minnie Littmann
Annie Bostian
Nell Rabe
Margaret Johnson
Helen McCormick
Mary Bruner
Mary Wood McKenzie

Wayne County Club

Hattie Motzno
Eleanor Morgan
Martha Taylor
Annie Smith
Magdalene Hummel
Sabra Brogden
Sarah Kornegay
Esther Yelverton
Reba Foust
Hazel Hunt
Louise Crawford
Margaret Smith
Amy Joseph
Viola Joseph
Gertrude Griffin
Katie Smith
May Gay
Lucile Middleton
Ethel Ivey
Carrie Perkins

Margaret Cox

Lenoir County Club

Edith Latham
Natalie Nunn
Annie Cummings
Nannie Brown
Christiana West
Mae Brown
Lallah Daughety
Bernice Taylor
Ora Lee Brown
Fannie Waters
Ray Bruton

Durham County Club

Louise Jones
Mamie Holloway
Sallie Boddie
Marea Jordan
Pearl Holloway
Hallie Holloway
Blanche Whitmore
Coline Austin
Catharine Jones

ARTIFEX

Athletic Association

OFFICERS

Catharine Jones	President
Mattie Morgan	Treasurer
Ivor Aycock	Secretary
Bessie Jordan	Secretary
Margaret Wilson	Critic

FALL TERM		*SPRING TERM*
Annie Louise Wills	Senior Vice-President	Catharine Ervin
May Green	Junior Vice-President	Mary Van Poole
Christine Rutledge	Sophomore Vice-President	Mary Brogden
Irene McConnell	Freshman Vice-President	Margaret Smith

Field Day Record, 1910

WINNERS

Standing broad jump	Bessie Coats, 1910
Running high jump	Fay Davenport, 1912, 4 ft., 1 in.
Ball throw	Mattie Morgan, 1913
Goal throw, basketball	Carrie Toomer, 1913
Relay race	"1912"
Hundred yard dash	Annie M. Pollard, 1912
Marching	"1910"

Champion Hockey, 1910

CAPTAIN

May Green

FORWARDS

Nan McArn Bessie Jordan

WINGS

Kate Styron Alice Morrison

HALF BACKS

Mary K. Brown Fay Davenport Mildred Moses

FULL BACKS

Madge Coble Margaret Wilson

GOAL GUARD

Mary Van Poole

Champion Tennis, 1910

Gladys Avery

Mattie Morgan

Senior Basketball Team

CAPTAIN

Annie Louise Wills

GUARDS

Catharine Jones
Nora Carpenter
Jessie Earnhardt

GOAL MEN

Catherine Ervin
Nan Lacy
Ada Viele

CENTERS

Allie Parsons
Bertha Daniel

Junior Basketball Team

CAPTAIN

Kate Styron

GUARDS

Rosa Bi

M

Mary Va.

GOAL MEN

Mary K. Brown

Fay Davenport

May Green

CENTERS

Alice Morrison

Ivor Aycock

Sophomore Basketball Team

CAPTAIN

Gretchen Taylor

GUARDS

Lura Brogden
Christine Rutledge
Verta Idol

GOAL MEN

Gladys Avery
Della Blevins
Carrie Toomer

CENTERS

Eliz'beth Gray
Henderson

Freshman Basketball Team

CAPTAIN

Rosa Blakney

GUARDS

Iva Harris
Nina Garner
Sudie Landon

GOAL MEN

Emma Wilson
Margaret Smith
Annie Sugg

CENTERS

Irene McConnell
Nancy Wall

Second Preparatory Basketball Team

CAPTAIN

Louise Whitley

GUARDS

Frances Summerell
Margaret Sparger
Inez Honrine

GOAL MEN

Rose Kennedy
Winifred Turlington
Lula Burton

CENTERS

Audrey Kennett
Mamie Eaton

First Preparatory Basketball Team

CAPTAIN

Katherine Bunn

GUARDS

Lillian Proctor
Elizabeth Camp
Velma Springs

GOAL MEN

Huron Stuart
Bessie Cashwell
Belle Kirk

CENTERS

Mollie Johnston
Margaret E. Smith

Special Basketball Team

CAPTAIN

Agnes Lacy

GUARDS

Louise Brown
Magdalene Hummel
Anna Newton

GOAL MEN

Sybil Gates
Grace McNeill
Emmie Le Guin

CENTERS

Florence Moore
Julia Farmer

Senior Hockey Team

CAPTAIN

Mae Brown

FORWARDS

Marea Jordan — Mary Walters

WINGS

Allie Parsons — Natalie Nunn

HALF BACKS

Bessie Bennett — Jessie Earnhardt — Nan Lacy

FULL BACKS

Catharine Jones — Olive Burbage

GOAL GUARD

Nora Carpenter

Junior Hockey Team

CAPTAIN

May Green

FORWARDS

Kate Styron — Mary K. Brown — May Green

Bessie Jordan — Alice Morrison

HALF BACKS

Fay Davenport — Clyde Fields — Katie Smith

FULL BACKS

Mary Van Poole — Alice Harris

GOAL MAN

Margaret Wilson

Sophomore Hockey Team

CAPTAIN

Mattie Morgan

FORWARDS

Carrie Toomer Mary Hanes

WINGS

Mary Porter Gretchen Taylor

HALF BACKS

Christine Rutledge Elizabeth Jones Mary Brogden

FULL BACKS

Bain Henderson Margaret Mann

GOAL GUARD

Gladys Avery

Freshman Hockey Team

CAPTAIN

Annie Sugg

FORWARDS

Nina Garner — Fannie Starr Mitchell

WINGS

Emma Wilson — Margaret Smith

HALF BACKS

Ruth Johnson — Effie Baynes — Pauline Palmer

FULL BACKS

Mollie Townsend — Mary Green

GOAL GUARD

Ina Harris

SUBSTITUTES

Louise Bell — Mary Perrett

Second Preparatory Hockey Team

CAPTAIN

Louise Whitley

FORWARDS

Rose Kennedy — Gladys Pennington

WINGS

Winifred Turlington — Mazie Kirkpatrick

HALF BACKS

Lillian Reeves — Mamie Sturgill — Gertrude Winston

FULL BACKS

Margaret Sparger — Frances Summerell

GOAL GUARD

Jessie Gainey

Field Day Snapshots

Athletic Songs and Yells

Senior Athletic Song, 1911

HOCKEY SONG

TUNE: "*Has Anybody Here Seen Kelley?*"

Has anybody here seen the Seniors,
Seniors who are true?
Has anybody here seen Seniors;
Have you seen them 'round?
Their colors are gay and their spirits, too,
And they're loyal through and through.
Has anybody here seen the Seniors,
Seniors on the hockey ground?

SENIOR YELL

Rika, rika!
Rika, rika!
Ya, yum, yo.
Tika, taka!
Lika, laka!
Rah, ha, ho.
Rika, tika, tavo!
Zip, gum, zeven.
We are the class of nineteen eleven!

Senior Basketball Song

TUNE: "*Goodbye, My Lover, Goodbye*"

We are the class of nineteen 'leven,
Rah! for the Seniors, rah!
Our hopes are as high as the stars in heaven,
Rah! for the Seniors, rah!

CHORUS

Play, Seniors, play with all your might!
Play, Seniors, for our red and white!
Play, Seniors, only for the right!
Hurrah! for our team, hurrah!

The Senior team is ever true
To her motto, "Als ich kann."
With this in mind we'll play against you.
Rah! for the Seniors, rah!—Cho.

Now for our class a cheer we'll give,
Rah! for the Seniors, rah!
The class we'll love as long as we live,
Rah! for the Seniors, rah!—Cho.

Sophomore Song

Here comes the team, girls, rise up each one,
They're always won since hockey begun
Ring out the chorus, we'll sing our song once again,
And give a cheer for each of our men
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Out from the gym they dash to the field,
Into the fray and glory 'twill yield,
While we all cry—"Win girls or die,
For you are striving for the glory of our class."

CHORUS

Then stick to it, girls, play the game every man,
Fight to a finish, do the best that you can,
While we shout Victory!
While we shout Victory!
While we shout Victory!
While we shout 1913 Victory forever!

Our class we love, girls, can't lose the fight,
Our banner must bear new honors tonight,
So while they're fighting, just say that we have no fear,
And for each one of them give a cheer—
Rah! Rah! Rah!

So when we've won, girls, give loud our yell,
Let every voice the glad tidings tell,
While we proclaim the joyous name
Of the dear old class of nineteen hundred thirteen!—Cho

SOPHOMORE YELL

Rocker-checker-boom, rocker-checker-boom,
Skimer-rocker, skimer-racker,
Boom! boom! boom!
Chick-er-lacker, chick-er-lacker,
Rip-rah-reen.
Soph'more, Soph'more, 1913!

Freshman Song

TUNE: "*Navajo*"

We've come to the hockey field this very day,
We've come one hundred strong,
We have a nice little game to play,
We brought the team along.
We'll tear their foreward line into bits,
Wipe up the field once more,
Stay in the game 'till the other team quits,
Win as we've won before!
And after the game is won
That's when we'll have some fun singing:

Second Preps! Second Preps! Why look so sore?
You are no worse than you were before;
You keep quiet and hear Freshmen roar,
Go play the game once more!

YELL

Strawberry Shortcake, Huckelberry Pie!
V-I-C-T-O-R-Y—
Are we in it?
Well I guess
1914
Yes! Yes! Yes!

SOCIAL

May-Pole Dance Adelphian Society

Swedish "Twining the Wreath"—Adelphian Society

Mother and Child

Ruth and Naomi

From Tableaux of Famous Pictures—Adelphian Society

Queen Louise

Bubbles

Tableaux—Adelphian Society

"The Piper"

Cast of Characters

STROLLING PLAYERS

Fannie Starr Mitchell
Sudie Landon
Janie Carlyle

MEN OF HAMELIN

Frances Summerell
Lucy Culpepper
Lena Baxley
Emma Jessup
Esther Yelverton
Mildred Edwards
Mabel Byrd
Nettie Smoak
Inez Hornrine
Mary Perret

OTHER CHILDREN

Sadie Johnson
Kathleen Erwin
Blanche Stockard
Lena Glenn
Carrie Perkins
Mary Spivey

STROLLERS

Mary Cooper
Mary Green

WOMEN OF HAMELIN

Louise Johnston
Elsie House
Viola Joseph
Rose Cochrane
Mary Nichols
Lillian Proctor

CHILDREN

Bernice Taylor
Nell Rabe
Helen McCormick
Moffitt Sinclair
Margaret Smith

Scene from "The Piper"—The Adelphian Society

"The Land of Heart's Desire"

Cast of Characters

Maire Bruin - - - - - - Mildred Moses
Shawn Bruin - - - - - - Ethel Skinner
Maurteen Bruin - - - - - Della Blevins
Bridget Bruin - - - - Mildred Harrington
Father Hart - - - - - Leah Boddie
Fairy Child - - - - Marianna Justice
The Voice - - - - - - - - Lila Justice

"Cinderella"
Presented by the Senior Class

Cornelian—Scene from Initiation Banquet

Cornelian Scene from "Initiation Banquet" Dutch Waitresses

Scene from "Esmeralda,"

Presented by Cornelian Society

Jack Desmond	Kate Styron
Eastabrook	Gretchen Taylor
Nora Desmond	Mary Waldon Williamson
Kate Desmond	Myrtle Johnson

Scene from "Esmeralda,"

Presented by Cornelian Society

Mrs. Rodgers	Mary Van Poole
Esmeralda	Joy Briggs
Mr. Rodgers	Annie Bruce Terry

Scenes from "Sweethearts," Presented by Cornelian Society

Scene from "The Palace of Truth," Presented by Sophomore Class

Scenes from Reception Given by Sophomores in Honor of Freshmen

The Junior German

The Model School

Lelia White, 1911

WELL girls, I've found a r
And visited there today.
It was not as it used to be
Before my hair was grey,
I used to hear the faculty
At the Normal, years ago
Talking about the kind of school
To which girls ought to go.

And now they have it sure enough,
Just as they wished it then,
But how they ever got it so
Is quite beyond my ken.
They first began by moving it
To some secluded spot,
Where only mother nature charms
And "Outside things" come not.

The girls are there developing
Into a species rare,
Another type of beings now
Which seems to me bids fair
To quite become the very kind
The faculty desire,
For there they work their entire time,
And never do they tire.

To Darwin it would be a treat
To study them, I guess.
But what they are I do not know
Nor mind to here confess.
It may be true, that theory,—
That down from apes we came
But round-trip tickets were not bought
By these fair maids of fame.

They are quite wonderful to see
With all their great booklore,
For of all learning in the world
They have a good full store.
To tag on to their simple names,
They give a list of long degrees;
A simple "B. A." will not do
To take in all of these.

They move like real automatons
  Upon an electric plane;
They do all things by clockwork
  And yet they are very sane:
They never wear a hobble skirt
  For they have to move too fast,
And registrars and contracts
  Are now things of the past.

The Russian peasants now no more
  Need give up all their hair
To fill the great demand for it
  Made by these maidens fair.
No more the ostriches and birds
  Their plumes and lives need give,
For Normal girls buy not such things
  In the place in which they live.

It's Ancient History to them
  To send petitions in,
They do just as the Faculty wish—
  All other things are sin.
They walk like lightning thro' the park,
  They take gym by the hour,
They only talk of learned things—
  This is their greatest power.

And when they sing and praise, dear girls,
  You'd think you were in Heaven;
It is so far from what it was
  In poor old 1911.
They need no student government
  Nor any other kind,
They simply are machines of wit
  The best you'll ever find.

All tournaments and field days here
  Abolished once for all—
Five hundred girls could not dare have
  Such things as these at all.
I feel so happy just to think
  The girls have now found out
Just how to please the Faculty
  And work their theories out.

Inter-Society Debate

Thanksgiving—1910

NORA CARPENTER
Cornelian—Negative

QUERY:
Resolved, That our immigration laws should be further restricted by an educational test.

Decided in favor of the Negative.

LELIA WHITE
Cornelian—Negative

LUCY LANDON
Adelphian—Affirmative

MINNIE LITTMANN
Adelphian—Affirmative

Snatches from the Practice Rooms

SOME day when dreams come true,
Blue Monday won't be blue,
Prep. won't ring at seven ten,
Calling us to work again.
We'll have nothing at all to do,
And we'll do it just when we're ready to.
Oh, glorious times we'll be having when—
Our dreams come true.

* * *

Once in the dear, dead days beyond recall,
We wandered, arms entwined, along the hall
And o'er the campus; but that dream is gone,
And nowadays we walk asunder and forlorn.

* * *

I hate you truly, College bell.
Sleep with its bliss and its drowsiest spell,
Fades like my dreams, when you clang out their knell;
Oh, I hate you truly, you prep. bell!

* * *

Has anybody seen my note book,
That I lost yesterday?
Has anybody seen my note book?
Oh have you seen it 'round?
Its cover's green and its contents too,
It's full of chemistry through and through,
Has anybody here heard of it?
That note book must be found.

Glimpses into the Workings of our College

Extracts from the College Catalogue.

REQUIREMENTS FOR ADMISSION.

1. Applicants for admission to the college should have sixteen teeth, four at least in front, and should weigh not over three hundred and seventy-five pounds.

2. They should send with their applications, which their ministers must dictate, a statement that they do not wear any hair of foreign origin, that they never eat more than they can get, and that they have a special fondness for peanuts and slaw served at luncheon.

3. For admission to the Freshman class examinations must be passed in the following subjects: The ethics of sociology, phonics, economic psychology, and differential and integral addition.

Ethics of Sociology.

Applicants must pass an unsatisfactory examination in the basic principles of moral conduct. First the applicant must know when to tell a li-lac, and when not; second, she must have a knowledge of the uses of bluff, diplomacy, flattery, and the effects of squelching, sitting upon, and sawing. Students must show an ability to analyze and explain thoroughly the principles involved in the above.

Phonics.

Two courses are required for entrance: One in giggling and suppressed murmurs, suitable as answers to inane remarks; the other in nasal shrieks and expressions of surprise.

Economic Psychology.

First, a thorough knowledge of the three plots of the Lucy T. Meade books. The Elsie Series may be substituted for this. Second, a preliminary course in the spiritual significance of modern slang, and its relation to the diffusion of wealth at Huttons. The student should be familiar with some good text, such as Robert W. Chamber's "The Green Mouse," Augusta E. Wilson's "St. Elmo," or Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."

Differential and Integral Addition.

The requirement in this is that agreed upon by the joint committee of colleges and secondary schools, and now generally accepted by all colleges in the United States.

A. The candidate should have a clear idea of the meanings of the terms differential, integral, and addition. References:—Student's Standard Dictionary, Plautus' Mostellaria, and Scott's "Kenilworth Inn."*

B. There should have been a year's daily practice in making both ends meet, when one end is negative, and the other not specified.

C. This part of the examination presupposes a thorough study of the works named below:

Cæsar's "Crossing the Rubicon."
Sanford's Arithmetic,—
S'Well's College Algebra.
Bulwer Lytton's "The Last Days of Pump-Eye."
Homer's Eyelids.
Plutarch's Livies.
Æsop's "The Legend of the Fly on the Chariot Wheel."

TIME AND PLACE OF EXAMINATIONS.

All candidates for admission into the college who have entrance examinations to stand must assemble in the cold storage rooms for preliminary refrigeration. They will there be assigned to rooms for examinations.

N. B.—Former students who have no examinations to stand, and new students entering on certificates will please keep out of harm's way by avoiding the roofs of the laundry and the students' building until further notice.

* N. B.—This is a very rare book.

Where We "Cram"

A Few Specimen Excuses

Dear Miss Mary Taylor:

I hope your are feeling well. I'm not anything extra—in fact, was sick last week. I forget whether it was Tuesday or Wednesday, and couldn't go to class. Am awfully sorry.

So long,

Jan. 10, 1911.

Miss Moore:

Dear Miss—I had the misfortune to sleep through my first period recitation, February 23rd, and was, therefore, absent from it.

Very respectfully,

Skipped English Friday morning. Suppose you knew it already, though.

And their result:

Call at my office at your first vacant period on Tuesday.

M. T. Moore.

The Infirmary

The Only Excuse Accepted

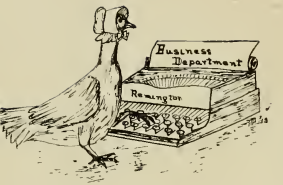
Daily Needs of the Seniors

Myrtle Johnston	Material for the Magazine.
Annie Louise Wills	Somebody to play goal.
May Vickery	A few inches, more or less, preferably less.
Delorah Stepp	To learn to dance.
Cat Ervin	Someone to argue with.
Nan Lacy	A little mathematical genius.
Cat Jones	A memory tonic.
Adelaide Morrow	A pill.
Pearl Holloway	Vocal training and a nose.
Rose Batterham	A poultice for cranial enlargement.
Lilly Batterham	A small pair of No. sixes.
Antoinette Black	A pointer.
Edith Latham	What Zora wants.
Bonnie Broadfoot	A nap.
Huldah Slaughter	Bonnie—always Bonnie.
Georgie Faison	An ear trumpet.
Margaret Faison	To know where Myrtle is.
Allie Parsons	"One distinguishing personality."
Margaret Pickett	A cooking apron.
Mae Brown	A bell.
Jessie Earnhardt	Freckle cream.
Zannie Koonce	Something to do.
Lelia White	A patented question answerer.

Natalie Nunn	Her little red cup.
Bertha Daniel	A little more hair.
Olivia Burbage	One nickname, and only one.
Bessie Bennett	A calling list.
Mary Walters	Some sea-water.
Katherine Norfleet	An occasion to use her tea-set.
Ada Veile	A cervical column.
Min Littmann	Something to sit on.
Marea Jordan	A vase to hold her flowers.
Annie Goodloe Brown	A long dress to teach in.
Lena Greene	A little frivolity.
Nora Carpenter	Some French-heeled slippers.
Zora Hannah	What Edith Latham wants.
Harriet Wardlaw	A machine for making lesson plans.
Leta Berry	A new chignon.

The Pscient
B.S
DANGER
MT. GEOLOGY
PHYSIC
CRY AND TRY AGAIN
NO SHORT CUTS
Phys. Geography
BIOLOGY POND
NO FERRY

t's Progress.
CS
H2S
LOOK OUT FOR FUMES
CHEMISTRY VOLCANO



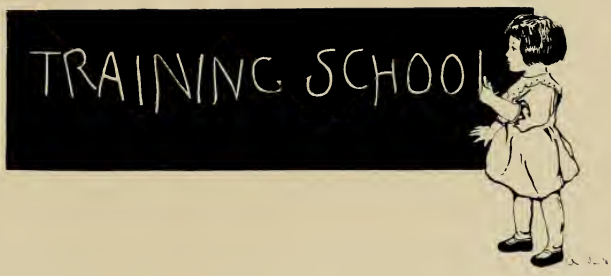
Ode to a Typewriter

Peck, peck, peck,
With a strong, steady beat, O me,
And I would that these keys would utter
The page that before me I see!

O well for the Senior grave,
Who communes with wisdom all day;
O well for the Soph'more bold,
That she sings so blithe and gay.

But the same old words come on,
Page after page have I penned;
But O, for the sound of the chapel bell,
And the time for this work to end!

Peck, peck, peck,
On those cold black keys that I see;
But the click of this machine, I fear,
Will never be stilled for me!



IN THE SECOND GRADE

TEACHER:—Does anyone know what "flush" means? (A hand goes up hesitatingly.) All right, William, can you make us a sentence using it?

WILLIAM:—(twists, stands first on one foot, and then on the other, and turns his eyes to the ceiling. At last he evolves:)—flushy like Miss Viele,—Miss Viele is flushy.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—A small boy eating his apple at recess discovered a worm in it. "Oh, you needn't wiggle," he said heartlessly, "I'm a-goin' to eat you."

TEACHER.—Name some of the disastrous effects of volcanic eruptions.

SEVENTH GRADE PUPIL, (after labored thought):—They scare people.

Miss Graham's First Grade

Scene of Pedagogical Activities—Curry Building

(For other activities, see next page)

A Period's Physical Torture

COMMANDS	*FAULTS*
In this—er air, right foot raise! Left foot downward turn.	There is but one foot in this air.
Bend hard the arms while they are stretched	Bend hard is to bring into a curve.
Shoulders drop! Palms oblique to hips.	Hips firm.
Whole weight on one foot! Other half weight on other foot!	Position.
Ce—a—se! Ce—a—se! Relax nerve!	Time too short.
With chins high and hands on hips, replace apparatus!	
Run in place while you march.	Steps are too long.

My Rosary

The hours that in the Practice School I spend
Are as the lagging centuries to me;
I watch the clock and wonder "will it end?"
Oh, misery! Oh, misery!

Each moment's like a hard and bitter pill
That chokes me as I drink experience's cup.
I pray that I may keep my wits until
The time is up—the time is up!

The criticisms scorch and burn;
The sleep I lose's enough to kill;
I weep my plan book o'er and strive to learn
To keep those children still—to keep them still!

A Senior.

Keep Off the Grass!

English

A Caution ! !

Oh, Freshman students,
Of commentaries beware!
Oh, Freshman students,
Of Jane Austen have a care!
Beware the three periods of English,
Misses King and McClelland fear!
And go not to interviews,
If your life you do hold dear!

Oh, Sophomore students,
Of bibliographies beware!
Oh, Sophomore students,
Of Wordsworth have a care!
Beware the daily recitations,
And also Miss Crumpton fear,
And go not to interview
If your life you do hold dear!

Oh, Junior students,
Of Canterbury Tales beware!
Oh, Junior students,
Of English have a care!
Beware the first period on Friday,
And also Miss Bryner fear,
And go not to interviews
If your life you do hold dear!

Oh, Senior students,
Of the sonnets do beware!
Oh, Senior students,
Of the Brownings have a care!
Beware the exams. of mid-term,
For Mr. Smith is to fear,
Be sure to have your essays,
If graduation you hold dear!

Instructor in English—What is Carlyle's "Essay on Burns"?
Student—Do you mean what kind of a poem it is?

A preparatory student asked to write a description of an odor selected the following for her subject—"The odor of the gasoline as the street car passed by."

"Who wrote Robinson Crusoe?"
"Cicero."
"You know he didn't!"
"I don't know who wrote that edition, but the one I read was in 'Lamb's Tales.'"

College Orchestra

Mr. Charles Brockmann, Director

Esther Yelverton
Ruby Deal
Myrtle Johnson
Mae Brown
Louise Bell
Alice Phelps
Rachel Lynch
Clyde Fields
Helen Hunt
Ruth Gaither
Alma Kornegay
Mary Wellons
Mary Luther
Ora Scott

May McQueen

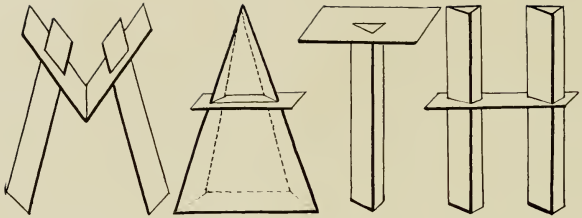
Ode to the Borrower of the Normal

BORROWER of the Normal, ere we part,
You may keep, yes, have my heart.
But since that has left me here,
There are things I hold more dear.
Hear my cry before I go,
"My borrowed goods, I crave you so!"

By my borrowed chafing dish
Whose brightness was my dearest wish,
By those puffs of jetty fringe,
From borrowing which you did not cringe,—
Hear my cry before I go,
"My borrowed goods, I crave you so!"

By my hat I longed to wear
Before it graced your borrowed hair,
By my shoes of soft white suede,
Whose beauty you have caused to fade,—
Hear my cry before I go,
"My borrowed goods, I crave you so!"

Borrower of the Normal, I am gone!
Think of me when you adorn
Your fair self in bright array,
With all my things you took away:—
Can you e'er forget me? No!
These things will remind you so.



Entrance Examination September 19, 1910

1. ADD:—1 Wentworth Plane
   1 5-cent pad
   1 "two-for-five" pencil
   1 compass
   100 per cent. study hour
   1 hour before breakfast

   105 sense = 6
   1 recitation

2. SUBTRACT—Freshman class
   Geometry examination
   (Remainder)—Tearful Second Preps.

3. PROVE—The acute pain which is produced by the appearance upon the dining tables of x y z hash is a more acute pain than that produced by the appearance upon the same tables of Wednesday soup.

   PROOF—The soup is hot, while the hash———. Hence the theorem.

4. PROBLEM—If a girl comes to college puffed up with hopes of "passing off" up to Junior class and if she airs her expectations, state definitely the chances that the first Prep. class will be increased by one more. *Answer.*—chances, equal 100 per cent.

STATISTICS

Gretchen Taylor

TYPICAL COLLEGE GIRL

A splendid type of the college girl
As found in each college today;
Bright and youthful and full of hope
As she travels this stony way.

Gladys Avery

PRETTIEST

I know a maiden fair to see.
Take care!
She's just as pretty as she can be
Beware, beware!
Of thy heart she'll be robbing thee

Frances Broadfoot

TYPICAL SENIOR

A tall and stately Senior
With a learning most profound—
The lower classmen stand in awe,
When they see her coming 'round.

Catherine Jones

MOST POPULAR

Her friends we cannot number
Unless we try this plan:
Just count in everybody,
And find the Census man.

MOST ATHLETIC

Hockey, tennis and basketball,
This active young person is great at them all.

Allie Parsons

BIGGEST TEASE

Take every tease that e'er hath been
From long ago till now,
And at the feet of this, their queen,
They'll make an humble bow.

Hattie Motzno

BIGGEST GRUMBLER

'S death! this is a weary world,
'Tis hard to get along.
To fight the battles of this life
They say it makes one strong.
If this be true —O Cruel Fate,
To leave me high and dry,
I fear that I will grow so strong
That I will never die.

Leah Boddie

HANDSOMEST

We count in everybody
That anyone may know,
And find there is nobody
That by her stands a show.

Myrtle Johnston

MOST WOMANLY

The best of womanly virtues
In you we plainly see.
A womanly woman we find you now,
And know you will always be.

Minnie Littmann

MOST SARCASTIC

If you "saw" me like I "saw" you,
We'll both of us get "sawed" in two.

May Green

BEST ALL-ROUND GIRL

Any way you take her
You'll find, as we have found,
There's nothing in her lacking,
She's true and safe and sound.

Julia Farmer

MOST TALKATIVE

Like the little brook she chatters all the way,
Or like a graphophone, she's wound and runs all day.

Mrs. Beecroft

Lucy Robertson

MOST LOVABLE

All who know her, love her,
And those who know her not,
As soon as they have met her
Will join the happy lot.

Katherine Bunn

MOST FRIVOLOUS

Silks and satins to me appeal,
Maybe they ought not to.
But if you loved them as much as I
You'd be frivolous too.

Reba Foust

MOST CONCEITED

You think too much, O maiden,
Of your virtue and beauty so rare.
We know, but you should not, O maiden,
That the virtue and beauty are there.

Florence Hildebrand

MOST STUDIOUS

"Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife,"
So sang the noble poet.
Oh! he was far from being right,
If he could only know it.

Mrs. Starbuck
Winston-Salem

Mildred Moses

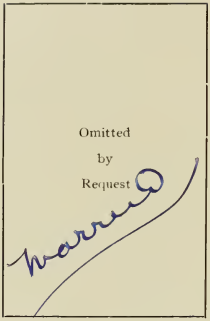
MOST ATTRACTIVE

A winning personality,
With a heart that's warm and true
She makes strong friends where'er she goes,
And they number not a few.

JOLLIEST

Why greet the troubles of this world
With a sad and weary gaze;
Just get a smile within your heart
And keep it all your days.

Mrs. Louis Graves
Chapel Hill N.C.



Hazel Black

MOST VERDANT FRESHMAN

A study in local color—
Hazel, Black and Green.
A more verdant young Freshman
In our college has never been seen.

Gertrude Zachary

MOST OLD-MAIDISH

Why should one worry o'er
The capturing of a man?
Just live your life to suit yourself—
It is the wisest plan.

Nancy Lacy

BEST DANCER

As lightly as Diana led the choral band of yore,
So glides this graceful maiden across the ball room floor.

E. Rose Batterham

MOST ORIGINAL

Why should one follow the plan of another
'Tis easy enough to think of some other.
Puzzle your brain for a little while,
And give to the world a new fangled style.

Louise Gill

DANTIEST

For the loveliest of traits
That a woman may claim,
You have in our College
Won the greatest of fame.

Lallah Daughety

WITTIEST

The sun of the solar system
With its glowing and brilliant light
Can't shine as you do among us,
With your sayings so dazzlingly bright.

Marea Jordan

MOST DIGNIFIED

She's the most dignified young lady
Of whom we girls can boast.
Of dignity and stateliness,
We find she has the most.

Huldah Slaughter

MOST MUSICAL

Music hath charms,
And so has Huldah, too,
There's nothing with a piano
That this lady cannot do.

Love Chronicles of the Faculty

I

"I've analyzed your molecules,
Considered well your species;
The deeper I investigate,
The more my love increases.
So will you marry me?" he said,
"I'll wed at any other
Than first or seventh periods."
She said, "I love another."

II

He wanted to ask her in accents befitting
The great adoration and love that he bore,
So he studied up James' and Angells' best speeches,
But she'd studied Psycho, so she'd heard them before.

III

He knelt before the maiden's feet,
His raptured heart 'gan to outpour,
But she cut short his moonstruck sighs;
Surveying him through half shut eyes,
She said, "As I at present see it,
You make right angles with the floor."

IV

He said, "I like to hear you play;
She drew her stool and down she sat:
And presently he blustered, "Say,
I love you when you look like that!
Your eyes are fine and brown,
You look demurely down,
You make my heart *rejerce*,
Inspire my tongue with verse,
In fact, I think I'll marry you,
So get your things—no more ado."

V

"You quite appreciate the fact,"
Said ——— in his proposal;
"My love for you is nowise lacked,
My heart's at your disposal.
Take me for husband, be my wife,
Form a joint organization—
Won't you co-operate for life
In my administration?"

VI

He pressed through the throng that encircled—,
And asked for her heart in language fine;
But the charming lass sent him squelched away,
For she coldly replied: "Wait your turn in line."

VII

"If you will not be mine," he cried
In deep despair, "I'll end my days!"
Her short remark with scorn was rife,
"The fly said, what a dust I raise!"

VIII

He cried out in an ecstasy,
"Oh, how I love you dear!"
But he subsided when she frowned
And said "No talking, please, in here."

When Our Turn is Past

(With apologies to Kipling)

When the last English paper is written, and the ink is blotted and dried;
When the paper is yellow and faded, and all the teachers have died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it, lie idle an aeon or so,
Till we wake to the next existence, when the Judgment trumpets blow.

And she that got I shall be happy, she shall sit in the glare of fame,
See tales in the magazine pages, signed bold and clear with her name;
And even, oh bliss! in the Annual—that glory precious to gain—
Her work shall honor and praise her, and requite all her toil and her pain.

And none of us then shall write papers, but rest on the laurels we've won,
For surely this troubled existence should earn us some rest when it's done.
Then each content in her glory shall pity the poor Freshmen so,
And feel for their horror at seeing their papers with red ink aglow.

The Artists

Mary Porter
Margaret Wilson
Rose Batterham
Norma Burwell
Ruth Hampton
Minnie Littmann
Margaret Johnson
Ada Viele
Myrtle Matthews

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Annie Redwine
Lucy Hamilton
Della Arnold

The Lamplighters

COLORS:—*Crimson and Cerise.* FLOWER:—*Scarlet Sage.*

MOTTO:—*Any color is pretty, so it's red.*

SONG

My hair is like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June;
My hair is like a radish root,
Or like the harvest moon.

As red as are my ruby locks,
So bright a head have I,
And it will always shed a glow,
Tho' all the fires should die.

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BELLE MCDONALD
MAREA JORDAN

Celebration

of the

Su-lia Feast

Feb. 3, 1911

A most beautiful wedding was solemnized in 77 Senior Hall on this feast day. With Mr. K. Styron officiating, Mr. M. Moses and Miss Gladys Avery were duly joined in matrimony. Mr. G. Taylor and Miss Jamie Bryan were attendants, with little Master M. Smith as ring-bearer.

The Track Team

Several runners of great ability are included in this list; but though all have been running constantly for several years, the best sprinter has not yet been decided upon, since all insist on running for different goals. The team and goals are as follows:

Broadfoot - - - - - - - - -	Honors.
Jones and Parsons - - - - - - - -	Popularity.
Carpenter and Hildebrand - - - - - -	Marks.
Stanford, Norfleet, N. Johnston, Batterham, Styron and White - - - - - - - -	Faculty
THE COLLEGE PROFESSIONALS	
Batterham and Viele, Reporters - - -	
Wills and Hunt, Pennants - - - -	The Almighty Dollar.
Hannah, Dressmaking - - - - -	
Browne, Photographs - - - - -	
Parsons and Lacy, Dancing School - - -	

McIver Memorial Building

SENIOR:—(phoning for make-up): "Oh-er-er have you any pencils to stencil the eyebrows?"

"Yes."

"And-er-er I want some paint too."

"How much?"

"Why, I don't—why, enough to paint thirty-six faces."

E. R. B. asked E. L. where she could obtain George Washington's last address. The answer was, "why, I guess it's Heaven, but he was such a prominent character, they'll forward if he's in the other place."

Library

In history class Miss A. Cummings informed us that after Mr. Clermont's first trip up the Hudson, inland navigation was greatly facilitated; also that Greenland was so named because people were so verdantly ignorant of it.

———— ————

J. C.:—"Girls, did you know they were going to bisect that yellow dog in Senior Physiology?"

1. Things You Must Have Dreamed

Prep. didn't ring.
Saturday morning and no contracts to write.
A Holiday at the Normal.
Chapel exercises and no announcement from Dr. Gudger.

2. Things You Didn't Dream

A card from Miss Moore.
Flunked on Math.
Beans again.

An Impressional

Rules of our College, known to all,—
  Your breaking is a fearful crime,
Beneath whose charge we dread to fall
  Lest we go office-ward all the time;—
    We'll write you down, there's danger yet,
    Lest we forget, lest we forget!

At ten o'clock the tumult dies,
  Let silence reign, turn out the light;
'Till half past six no one may rise
  E'en though she wishes that she might.
    The electric bell is with us yet
    Lest we forget, lest we forget!

Far called, our numbers melt away,
  And prompt we rush the campus o'er;
For we must be on time, or pay
  The penalty to M. T. Moore.
    With May Green's aid, she'd get us yet
    Should we forget, should we forget!

If full of news at chapel, we loose
  Wild tongues that have forgot the proper awe,
A cutting look, or words profuse,
  Remind us we've o'erstepped the law.
    O common sense, be with us yet
    Lest we forget, lest we forget!

Good students all, let's put our trust
  In keeping rules, or trying hard—
We've fewer to heed than most folks must.
  A direful fate is sin's reward;
    Contracts, you know, are with us yet,
    Lest we forget, lest we forget!

Questions With Human Answers

A monkey attired in a red sweater?—N. Nunn.

A moving skyscraper?—Vickery.

Equivalents of ? ?—F. Hunt and K. Robinson.

The envy of perpetual motion machine inventors?—C. Jones.

The Senior class mule?—Cat Ervin.

Why does no one sit on Delorah?—Because she is a "Stepp."

Scarce article at the Normal?—Mann.

Why can't the college Myrtle be seen clearly?—Because of the clinging Ivey.

Square dealing's representative?—Justice.

Would (wood) saw?—Littmann.

Hard knocker?—Carpenter.

College murderers?—Slaughter and Skinner.

Senior flower garden?—Rose, Lily, and Myrtle, and that "crimson tipped flower"—Jordan.

An ever-present menu?—Bacon, Rice, Bunns and Berrys.

Great Lakes occurring on the campus?—Erie and Huron (Stewart).

The antique furniture shop?—Senior Hall.

The power behind the throne?—Zeke.

A Reminiscence of Mid-term

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and weary,
  Over many a hateful volume of vile geometric lore;
While I studied, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
  As of some one gently rapping, rapping on the bathroom door.
  "'Tis some girl," I softly muttered, "tapping on that bathroom door—
    Only this and nothing more."

I recall with thoughts most drear, it was mid-term of the year,
  And each separate exam. had racked my poor brain more and more:
Greatly did I dread the morrow, vainly had I sought to borrow
  From my books, a little knowledge of that grim and awful lore
  Geometry—the saints in Heaven all detest that ancient lore,
    Torment here forevermore.

And the rustling of kimonas, and the whispering of their owners,
  Filled me, thrilled me with vague terror of the teacher's anger sore,
So that now to still the beating of my heart I sat repeating,
  "Nothing but some girl who's knocking, knocking on that bathroom door,
  Some poor goose who thinks she'll scare us—
    That it is and nothing more."

The door opened, upward peering, I sat stock still, wondering, fearing,
  Thinking all the thoughts caught criminal ever thought in times before:
But the ominous, trembling silence 't last was broken—by no violence
  Simply by the teacher's voice exclaiming in shocked tones just, "girls!
  Go to bed now. In the morning bring your names to me," and turning
    On us all her back she whirls.

And next morn with each her name, fearing sore for freedom, fame,
  Up the hall to teacher's doorway the long, long procession came.
Then all day we had to wait ere to us she would relate
  How her thirst for bloody vengeance on our misdeeds she would sate.
  But we mustered up our patience, for we had no wish to hasten
    On ourselves our bitter fate.

But next night she had us come, took us singly, one by one.
Each came back in tears bedewed, gone her noble fortitude,
And no word could be extracted from her of the scenes enacted:
So in direst woful mood, waiting for my turn I stood,
And my knees were playing reels, I'd forgot my well-thought spiels—
When I entered that grim door.

There my judge was half beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance she wore;
I sat down within a rocker—little comfort even though rare—
And my persecutor fixed me with a cold unblinking stare.
So I sat in that still room waiting for the impending doom—
But I'll draw the curtain there.

The annual Staff is very grateful to those members of the Faculty and of the Student Body who have aided in so many ways to compile this book.

We are indebted to Mildred Moses, Gladys Avery and Lelia White for many of the verses; to Norma Burwell, Ruth Hampton and Clora McNeill for drawings; and, above all, are we indebted to the Advisory Board, Mr. Hammel, Miss King and Miss McLelland, for their kind supervision in the collection and organization of the material.

Gaudium Feriarum

Feriae rapide appropinquant,
Quae nos labore liberant.
Tunc studio soluta vivo,
Tunc nulla inquisitio
Cruciabit fessum cerebrum.
Nulla Latina discenda,
Nulla carmina scribenda,
O ero beatissima,
O ero felicissima,
Cum feriae veniunt iterum!

(For the Uninitiated)

The holidays draw near amain,
To bring release from all our pain.
Then from every care set free,
No horrible exam. there'll be
To rack my weary brain.
No more Latin's awful page,
No more fine poetic rage,
Oh, peace that's mine,
Oh, joy divine,
When vacation comes again!

THE
END

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